THE COSHOCTON AGE.

Entered at the Post Office at Coshocton as Second-class Mail Matter.

THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IS ABSOLUTE IN EVERY AMERICAN CITIZEN.—Garfield.

VOLUME 59. COSHOCTON, OHIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1883. NUMBER 48

Business notices on this page are charged for at ten cents per line each insertion. Black type fifteen cents brevier measurement. Display advertisements; Time Contracts—25 cents per inch. Transient advertisements—50 cents per inch

THERE will be services at the Baptist Church next Sunday at 7 o'clock p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

BOYS' Gossamers $1.50 at A. BERKOWITZ, and an extra 10 per cent. discount till January 1, 1884.

PETE ECKERT rejoiceth over the advent of a new girl baby. Peter is not a second adventist, however, because this is the first one.

A CONVENTION of delegates from each company of the 17th Regt. O. N. G., will meet at Coshocton next Tuesday, Dec 4, to make nominations for Major to fill vacancy caused by the death of Major Burch.

MR. JOHN HOGUE has removed to Newark, where business calls him for the coming three months. In the spring he expects to locate in Coshocton, or cupying the property recently purchased here.

THE County Commissioners have placed the care of the town clock in charge of Burns, the jeweler, who informs us that he will have it in order so that Coshocton can look to the town clock for correct city time.

WHAT is said to be the funniest of funny shows, will be given at the Coshocton Opera House Saturday evening, December 1. John Thompson will appear in his glorious comedy "Round the World." If you want to laugh until you cry, go and see him. Nuts on sale at City Drug Store.

THE "wishbone" wedding has become the correct thing. The couple stand beneath a floral wishbone. After the ceremony the bride and groom are given the wishbone to pull. The tug results in a break somewhere, and whoever holds the long piece is supposed from getting up to build fires in the morning.

EVENING prayer will be said Sunday evening in Trinity Church at 7 o'clock. This Sunday is the opening of the church year, and begins the Advent season of Advent, that season which is intended to remind us of our Lord's first coming in great humility, and also of His coming again in His glorious majesty. The sermon will be such as the occasion requires. Sunday school at 9:30.

MR. A. BERKOWITZ, the Popular Clothier, has mailed to many of his customers a card with his HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT entitling each to a 10 per cent. discount on all goods purchased from him before January 1, 1884. There are no doubt a few of his customers who have not been fortunate enough in securing a SPECIAL GIFT, and Mr. Berkowitz requests us to say that these can secure card by calling at his Store in the Norris Block, Main St.

COSHOCTON merchants recognize that continuous advertising brings much larger returns in proportion to outlay, than periodic or spasmodic advertising. Nearly every business has its "dull seasons," during which a good advertisement does faithful work by day or night, rain or shine, in familiarizing customers with the name, location and specialties or advantages of the advertiser. When the time to reap comes, he reaps the benefit of all the seed-sowing, unless he has made the mistake of stopping his advertisement, and it can not be found when the purchaser looks for the particulars. Persistency will win if the work is judiciously done.

IN NEW PHILADELPHIA, the celebrated case of T. Gordon vs. Robert Render, for shooting with intent to kill, was brought to a close Wednesday night by the jury bringing in a verdict of "not guilty. The shooting was provoked by Gordon bragging to Render that he (Gordon) was the father of Render's little five-year-old girl. Before this it was proven that Gordon had kidnapped the fifteen-year-old daughter of Render and taken her out of the neighborhood. The father obtained a clue to here whereabouts, and going to a justice of the peace of the township, got out a writ of replevin and brought the girl back. It was necessary for him to set a valuation on the girl in order to obtain possession of her, which he did, placing her value at $80.

Thanksgiving Services

Union Thanksgiving services, embracing the Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists, were held in the Grace M. E. Church. A fair audience was present and entertaining and impressive were the services. Rev. Trichler of the Baptist church preached. Below will be found the better part of what he said.

Text. Collossians 2d chapter, 7th verse; "Abounding therein with thanksgiving."

Thanksgiving Day by usage has become a National religious institution, and is becoming more and more incorporated into the religious idea of the American people. We may properly express our regret that it is not more properly utilized as a religious festival. The idea of a day of National thanksgiving may have been suggested by the Hebrew feast of tabernacles or feast of in-gathering at the close of the year. The occasional observance of a day of thanksgiving was not unusual in Europe, formerly recommended by the civil authorities, and such a day was observed in Leyden, Holland, Oct, 3, 1575, the first anniversary of the deliverance of that city from siege. In 1608 the Pilgrim Church, exiled from England, went to Holland, and remained there till 1620, when it sent off the Mayflower Colony to New England. After the first harvest of the colonists at Plymouth, in 1621, Governor Bradford sent four men out fowling, that they "might after a more special manner rejoice together."

In 1623 a day of fasting and prayer was appointed on account of drought. Rain came abundantly while they were praying, and the Governor appointed a day of thanksgiving which was observed with religious services.

The Charlestown records show a similar change of fast day into thanksgiving in 1631 on account of the arrival of supplies from Ireland. In June 1632 Governor Winthrop, of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, recommended a day of thanksgiving on account of action of the British Privy Council favorable to the colonies, and invited the Governor of Plymouth Colony to unite with them. There are record of official appointments of days of Thanksgiving in Massachusetts Bay in 1633, 1634, 1637, 1638, and 1639, sometimes of more than one day in the same year, and in Plymouth in 1651, 1668 and 1680 (when the form of the recommendation indicates that it had been an annual custom) in 1689, 1690. The earlier of these appointments were at different seasons of the year, and for special reasons, particularly for the arrival of ships with supplies and new colonists; but the latter was more generally for the harvest, and were in the late autumn and early winter. Occasional thanksgiving days were appointed by the Dutch Governors of New Netherland in 1644, 1645, 1655, 1664, and by the English Governors of New York in 1755 and 1760. During the Revolution Thanksgiving day was a national institution, being annually recommended by Congress; but after the general thanksgiving for peace in 1784, there was no national appointment till 1789, when President Washington, by request of Congress, recommended a day of thanksgiving for the adoption of the Constitution. Washington issued a second thanksgiving proclamation in 1794 on account of the suppression of insurrection.

President Madison, by request of Congress, recommended thanksgiving for peace in April, 1815. But the official recommendation of Thanksgiving Day was mainly confined to New England, while regular annual proclamations were issued by the Governors of the States, and the day was almost universally observed with religious services, and was the principal social and home festival of the year. The prayer book of the Protestant Episcopal Church ratified in 1789, recommends for a day of thanksgiving the first Thursday in November, unless another day be appointed by the civil authorities. There were occasional recommendations by other religious bodies, and various local customs prevailed in different parts of the country, but the day was not regularly recommended by the Governor of New York till 1817, and its adoption in the Southern States was much later.

In 1855 Governor Johnson, of Virginia, recommended a day of thanksgiving; but in 1857 Governor Wise, being requested to do so, publicly declined, because unauthorized to interfere in religious matters.

In 1858 thanksgiving proclamations were issued by the Governors of eight of the Southern States. During the civil war Abraham Lincoln issued proclamations recommending special thanksgiving for victory in 1862 and 1863 and a national procalmation of the anual thanksgiving day in 1863 and 1864. Since that time such a proclimation has been issued annually by the President, as well as by the Governors of the States and the Mayors of the principal cities, and custom has fixed the time for the last Thursday in November. [For most of the above dates and historic statements we are indebted to Appleton and other cyclopedias.] A further thought of special seasons of thanksgiving is suggested by the national feasts of the Hebrews, of these the feast of Tabernacles which lasted from the 15th to the 22d of the month Tisri which corresponds to our September. This feast to the Hebrews was commorative of their departure from Egypt, or their journey through the wilderness dwelling booths, or tents, and also the gathered harvest, consisting of corn, oil, wine etc. Two rams and fourteen lambs were offered each day. One peculiarity of this feast was the arrangement of seventy bullocks for offerings, so arranged that thirteen was offered on the first day, twelve on the second, eleven on the third, and so on diminishing one a day till the last when seven were sacrificed. Of all the feasts this to the Hebrews was the most joyous, as it commemorated God's special favor to them on one hand, and his benefaction or bounties on the other.

And further, but a deeper and broader thought of thanksgiving is furnished to us as we travel over the ages when God was revealing himself to man, and giving to man a fuller knowledge of Himself and His great works.

From the thunders of His judgment, and the sunlight of His love, there looms up the immortal thanksgiving in the richest experiences of the regenerated heroes of the Bible. The Psalms and other portions of God's word presents us with the richest and most beautiful expressions of thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving should be worship—real, divine worship—rendered in homage to the Divine one. The love of a friend, however warmly professed, loses its charm the moment you discover it is unreal. The best thought, the most chaste words, the purest heart and the most perfect action should be put into thanksgiving. Thanksgiving lived in Paradise before Adam fell. It dwells in Heaven, angels and all heavenly beings engage in its holy strains. It implies a right apprehension of benefits received. It involves a retention of them in the mind, and a proper consideration of them.

OBJECTS WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL FOR:

Temporal, home, health, food, raiment, country and national prosperity.

SPIRITUAL BENEFITS:

Christianity, religion, freedom, Sabbaths, sanctuaries, Christian education, many charitable institutions, the gospel, opportunities for doing good.

Our Post sends $5 to the Soldier's Orphans' Home, at Xenia, benefit of railroads, telegraphy, christian press.

The obligations to this duty arises

1 From our relation to God.
2 The Divine command.
3 The promises God hath made.
4 The examples of all good men.
5 Our unworthiness the blessings we receive.
6 The prospects of eternal glory.

Pan-Handle Wreck.

The Pan-Handle passenger train due here about one o'clock A. M., was delayed Wednesday until nearly noon by a freight wreck east of Dennison. The particulars briefly are that shortly after midnight the first section of freight No. 46., east-bound, had a number of cars thrown from the track at Bowerstown Station, caused, as it is supposed, by something in the frog, as the engine and one car passed over all right, although somewhat jolted. About 100 feet of track was torn up, and several cars were pretty badly damaged, although there was but little damage to the lading. One west-bound passenger train was delayed six hours, and three east-bound trains about four hours. The pecuniary loss was not great.

"THE best weekly newspaper printed in America," is what a very intelligent old gentleman said last week of the Coshocton Democrat, when he paid his subscription in advance for another year.—Coshocton Democrat, Nov. 27.

The Democrat in which the above appeared contained just 19 columns of reading matter, and there were enough horrors scissored out of the Police Gazette like sheets from which the paper is edited, to give the readers the jim jams for three straight weeks. In fact, "a little eight by ten sheet filled with poison" is the correct description. The present issue of THE AGE contains fully as much reading matter as all the other newspapers in Coshocton combined have for the current week, and we take care of the progressive advertiser too.

DANIEL COOK, a prominent colored man of Coshocton, and Miss Ada Watkins, daughter of the well known colored barber, Thomas Watkins, were married at Newcomerstown on Thursday evening. As it was the first colored couple ever married in that town, there was great excitement, and many of the leading white citizens were present.—Cambridge Jeffersonian.

BOYS' Overcoats $1.50 up, at A. BERKOWITZ, and 10 per cent. discount till January 1, 1884.

THE Ohio militia number 5,457.

A Chapter of Accidents and a Wedding at Newcomerstown.

Isaac Merchant, a miner at Glasgow, was run over by an engine on the Pan Handle railroad last Thursday evening, receiving injuries from which he died a few hours afterward. He had been in town all day with several others from that place, and had bought several articles for his family, namely, a dress for his wife, some shoes for the children and a pair of boots for himself. Although not an inveterate drinker, yet he contrived to stow away considerable whisky, and before night was very much intoxicated. He started up the railroad track for home about six o'clock, and when about half a mile form the depot, was struck by an engine that was backing up the track. The night was extremely dark, and of course the men in the engine could not see any object on the track, but the engineer said he distinctly felt the shock, and at once stopped and found the man badly crushed and unconscious. Dr. Beers was sent for, and at once pronounced the man's injuries fatal. His right arm was literally crushed out of all semblance of an arm, and the left leg was broken in several places. The great injury lay in the head, the skull being crushed in and the pieces of bone encroaching upon the brain. The man was unable to tell his name, but his friends, hearing of the accident and guessing who it was, hurried to the scene and at once recognized the form of their companion. Merchant was about forty years old, and leaves a wife, five small children, the eldest being but eleven years old.

Ada Watkins daughter of our colored barber, Thomas Watkins, was married to Mr. Dan Cook, of Coshocton, last Thursday evening, at the residence of the bride's parents, on Main street. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. Endley of the M. E. Church. Quite a number of guests from abroad were present, and the happy couple received numerous elegant and useful gifts. In the afternoon of the same day, Miss Flora Fisher and Mr. John Black were united in marriage at the Globe House by Rev. Cooper. The newly married couples have the best wishes of the community.

A painful accident happened last Wednesday afternoon at the Bee Hive Works, in which Mr. Geo. Loos lost three fingers from his right hand. He was working at a buzz saw, and from some cause his hand came in contact with the swiftly revolving saw, and his thumb and his fingers were cut off in a twinkling. Dr. Goudy dressed the wounded hand. Our citizens sympathize deeply with Mr. Loos, who is a sober and hard working man, as the accident will unfit him for work for many weeks.

Miss Mary Suydam, the young lady who received a fracture of the leg some weeks ago, was able to be out on the street last week. Last Saturday she was so unfortunate as to slip and break her leg again. Miss Suydam has suffered from rachitis for many years, and this second fracture places her in a very dangerous condition.

"Mus' Be Pregedist."

The Holmes County Farmer relates the following:

A Millersburg grocer the other day sold a Berlin township farmer a gallon of tar through mistake for molasses. After discovering the mistake, the grocery man waited to hear some complaint, but hearing none, wrote to the old fellow, who replied as follows: "Much obliged for the c'reckshun but it come too late, as all the stuff is done sopped up. Wife she 'lowed that thar was suthin outer fix with the 'lasses; but I 'lowed she must be pregedist."

Let not any man in future years express wonder at the regularity of the Democratic majority in Holmes county.

AS THE Holidays approach the question "What shall I present" suggests itself to every one. Buy something useful; something that will clothe the body as well as pleas the eye. What more appropriate present to husband, father, or son, than a pair of shoes, slippers or a hat. What more pleasing to a wife, mother or daughter than a pair of fine shoes. Even the baby boy wants Santa Claus to bring him a pair of red top boots. Where to buy the best goods cheapest is the next question. Where to get the latest styles and largest assortment. Our answer is at Lee & Gossers. An inspection of their mammoth stock of Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, and Rubbers will convince you that it is to your interest to buy of them. No. 241 Main Street, next to City Hall.

LEE & GOSSER.

Mr. Bargar Lets His Light Shine.

The Ohio Democracy are determined to have a Kilkenny cat fight. They were unexpectedly placed in possession of the spoils, and there are so many applicants for the various positions to be filled that the leaders with the riffraff, are into a squabble and as a result harmony prevaileth not. From Senatorship down, the quarrel waxeth warm. Just now the fracas is transferred to Washington, where one faction is trying to beat another for Seargeant-at-Arms. It seems Mr. Bargar is taking a hand; for he has gone to the capital city to aid in defeating John G. Thompson, the old wheel horse. He fell into the hands of an interviewer Tuesday and here is the result:

"I do not think that Thompson's election would be the wisest and best for our party in Ohio. Mr. Thompson was not in sympathy with us this year, and really wanted to see our State ticket defeated. The Democrats won the fight in Ohio under very embarrassing circumstances. In the first place we did not receive a dollar of assistance from any outside source, and we had a powerful faction inside the party to contend with, of whom Mr. Thompson is one, but by thorough organization the Democrats carried Ohio by a majority over all opponents for the first time since the Republican party has been in existence."

"Can you carry Ohio next year?"

"That depends."

"Do does Ohio stand on the Speakership fight?"

"A majority of the delegation will vote for Randall from first to last."

"How does it stand on Sergeant-at-arms?"

"Nine out of the thirteen are for Mr. Leedom, who was on our State Committee, and rendered us very efficient help."

MR. C. C. ECKERT, formerly proprietor of the C. O. D. Store, is engaged in silver mining near Silver Cliff, Colorado, and we learn from the Ohio Democrat that the "Monopoly Mine," which is owned by Mr. Eckert, "at 200 feet has encountered a very fine wall, which has a great quantity of mineral hanging to it." Mr. Eckert is greatly pleased with the outlook and will sink with the wall. A great deal of work is going on all over our camp, much of it assessment work. Everyone is encouraged, and a better feeling prevails than we have experienced for two or three years."

"Charley" has many friends in Coshocton who will be glad to learn of his prospective good luck.

A TERRIBLE accident, the result of folly, occurred at Zanesville, Monday. Evans Davis and wife were away from home for the day, and while absent an old gun was taken down and loaded by one of the children. In the evening after returning one of the younger children found a gun cap on the floor and asked the father if he could snap it on the gun. The father was not aware of the load having been placed in the gun and granted permission. The child placed the cap on the gun, pointed it at his younger brother jocularly, and fired. The load took effect in the child's lung and death was almost instantaneous. The parents are nearly crazed with grief.

THE musical entertainment given a the Opera House Thursday evening by the young ladies of the Presbyterian Church, was greeted by a good audience, and the character of the entertainment was beyond the average in point of excellence. 'Twould be unfair to criticise or praise individuals, because all acquitted themselves well; but, if there was one feature that excelled the others, it was the recitation made by Miss Etta Hurford. Her gestures and delivery were good, and he audience appreciated them. She was recalled by encore. The receipts were $81.85.

A SAD case of insanity is reported from Knox county. George Sapp, a prominent Catholic, married a protestant lady. Last summer, after several years of married life, they parted because of religious differences, and Sapp went West taking their children six in number, with him. The loss of her children so preyed upon Mrs. Sapp's mind that she has become violently insane, and has been sent to the asylum.

LADIES REMEMBER

That of the 207 yards of blackk grograin Silk advertised by E. Marks, of the New York Store worth $1.85, but selling for $1.35 only, a remnant of 42 yards is now on hand. This shows that the people appreciate bargains like this. Other things in this store at the same ratio. Remember the place—west room Park Hotel building.

Real Estate Transfers.

Geo. Ringwalt to Calvin P. Giffin et al., 47 acres in New Castle tp, for $1,400.

John Owens to Elizabeth Hostetter 8 acres in Bedford tp, for $500.

J. W. Allen to S. R. Nelden, lot 9 in East Union, Perry tp, for $200.

John Reynolds to Robert McKeag, quit claim to 100 acres in Linton tp, for $450.

Nancy Critz to F. H. Olinger, lot 35 in Bakersville, Coshocton county, for $125.

E. H. Stewart, guardian, to Samuel McCullough, 1-6 part of a lot of land in Jackson tp, for $580.

Wm. Hanlon to H. W. Henderson, lots 123 and 124 in Canal Lewisville for $1,500.

Martin Gosser to James Kirk, 80 acres in Linton tp, for $1,200

Adam Coffman to James Foster, lot 118 in Bucklew's addition to Warsaw, for $120.

Rosannah Lower et al, to Jacob P. Lower, quit claim to 14 acres in Crawford tp, for $688.

John Miller to Henry King, quit claim to 61 acres in Adams tp, for $1004.10.

Probate Court

E. L. Lybarger was appointed guardian of the estate of Nellie G. Henderson. Bond $10,000.

Israel B. Dillin was appointed Deputy Clerk of the Probate Court.

The last will of Joseph Berry, deceased, was filed and application made to have it admitted to Probate Said application will be heard December 3d at 9 o'clock A. M.

Marriage licenses were issued to John W. Melton and Velina Severns, George W. Harrison and Nancy M. Moore, John F. Dickey and Jennie E. McCoy, David A. Cullison and Allie I. Milligan.

Clerk's Office.

NEW CASES: George W. Mulvane vs John M. Craig. Amount claimed $486.55 and interest.

THE New Philadelphia rolling mill, which shut down at the time of the Niles collapse, has resumed.

A FIRE in the business portion of Belmont, Belmont county, destroyed property valued at $25,000.

MRS. D. H. OLIVER, of York State, is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. B. Peacock.

NEW PHILADELPHIA has adopted standard or railroad time.

FUR CAPS and Gloves at A. BERKOWITZ. Come and get the extra 10 per cent. discount till January 1, 1884.

REMEMBER the Holiday Gifts at D. M. Moore's, $100 gent's gold watch and chain, $65 lady's gold watch and chain, $25 elegant 18 day clock. These gifts worry some of our competitors.

AT the Coshocton Opera House this—Friday—evening, Nov. 30, there will be produced the laughable and entertaining comedy, "A Bunch of Keys, or the Hotel." The New York Star says of it:

An engagement began at the San Francisco Opera House last evening, producing for the first time in this city the latest comicality, "A Bunch of Keys" a satire on hotels and hotel life. The story is of a will left by an uncle of the Keys family, which decrees that all his property, consisting of an unused hotel, shall go to the homliest of his three nieces, to be determined by the first drummer who stops at the hotel. This serves as a plot to the comedy, in the unraveling of which the very clever artists of this company introduce their various specialties. "A Bunch of Keys" is an undoubted success, and is destined to enjoy a long and prosperous run.

Plainfield

Mr. Arch Bradford, whom we mentioned last week as having consumption, died since.

Michael Bassett is slowly recovering from his attack of paralysis. Minor Bassett on hearing of his father's sickness, returned from the West.

Mrs. Ham McClain, of this town, gained her trial of the right of property before Esquire Lawrence, of Linton. It was a trial by jury. She was awarded $2.50 for retention of goods. An appeal has been taken by her opponent.

Mr. John C. Williams and wife lost a fine, lively little daughter, of about three summers, by croup, last week. This family was burned out of house and home in Guernsey county, lately, where Mr. W. kept a store at a station on the Cleveland & Marietta railroad. His store goods and household goods were nearly all consumed. Insurance $2400, $1800 of which has been paid over to him.

Joe Berry, a well-known Jew peddler in the vicinity of Plainfield and throughout the county, died of paralysis, at his home on the Tuscarawas river near Newcomerstown, on Sunday evening, Nov. 18. His body was taken to Cincinnati and was buried in the Walnut Hill Cemetery, as he was a member of the Israelitish church.

M.

RED UNDERWEAR at A. BERKOWITZ.

Avondale.

Mrs. Will Furney has been quite sick with diptheria for a few days.

Will A. Daugherty left here Monday for Millersburgh, to be gone all winter.

We have understood here that the proprietors of the Turkey Lock mill, recently burned, desire to again rebuild, and have been looking out a location. No better location can be found anywhere than at this place. Nearly all from this vicinity go to Coshocton, which is too far away and the citizens here should lose no time but see those parties and see if they can't be induced to come. The citizens will lend a helping hand if the boom is only started.

Philip Stance got the "g b." from his section boss, Jud Mesmore last week, because "he took the cake" —swearing.

G. W. Geese,—better known as Wash Geese—last week received the necessary papers and is now Notary Public. He intends having an office in town and will devote all his time to that and mail carrier.

Hunters from abroad had better be careful whose lands they tresspass on or it will be dear fun for them as farmers are getting tired of them.

Protracted meeting this week at Kimble M. E. Church, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Hoak.

McCormick & Boyd are busy buying wheat at one dollar per bushel.

It is rumored here that T. A. Lockard will open up his store this week that was recently closed by reason of his making an assignment.

Boys' Woolen Shirts and Underwear at A. BERKOWITZ.

A Card.

We desire through the columns of THE AGE to express our thanks to our friends of Spring Mountain for their kind visit to us at our new home in Warsaw, on Tuesday, the 20th inst, and for their many tokens of their regard left us, in the way of a donation of wraps, articles of clothing, groceries, provisions, &c., amounting to twenty dollars or upwards, which they tendered us as a surprise, and we trust an appreciation of our services as assistant pastor of the M. E. Church of Keene circuit.

T. W. CONNELL & L.

D. M. MOORE has the largest line of Underwear in the city and will sell them cheaper than any other house dares to, besides getting a ticket on our beautiful Holiday Gifts.

THE best $1 00 White Shirt in the market at A. BERKOWITZ and 10 per cent. discount till January 1, 1884.

RICHARD LANNING POST NO. 69 G. A. R.

By general order No. 10 from the Department Headquarters, this Post will elect officers of Post for the ensuing year, at next regular meeting, on Thursday evening, December 13, 1883. All members of the Post are earnestly requested to be present at this election.

By order of E. J. POCOCK, P. C.
J. M. COMPTON, Adj.

WEST LAFAYETTE Grange No. 1310 will hold a regular meeting in the Hall at McClain's School House, on Saturday, December 8, 1883, at 10:30 A. M., at which time and place the annual election of officers will be held. All members are earnestly requested to be present. By order of Master.

THE two grocers in Roscoe are "fighting" in prices. So far Edwards sells cheapest. They have cut prices in everything. If the fight continues long we will live cheap this winter.

COME AND SEE

Our Holiday Goods, X-Mas and New Year's Cards, Fine Cases, Books, &c., at our Grand Opening, Dec. 6, 7, 8.
DR. J. ANDERSON & SON. 2t

ORIENTAL SPLENDOR

As pictured in that masterful work Edwid Arnolds' Light of Asia, does not outrival that of the Store of Burns, the Jewe'er. The line of solid Silver ware, Jewelery, Watches, etc, cannot be excelled in grandeur, nor sold cheaper. Call on him.

O C

J. W. Barkhurst, Roscoe, is below on prices on all groceries at all times. He will not be undersold.

A BEAUTIFUL line of party Scarfs, Ties and Bows, open this week at D. M. Moore's, the Custom Clothier, suitible for the Masonic dedication.

House for Sale.

Twelve acres for sale in Bethlehem township, Coshocton county, Ohio, about four and one-half miles west of Keene. Good grass, good water and choice fruit. The buildings and fences are all in good repair. Close to store, church and school house. For particulars address CHAS. SNYDER, Helmick, Ohio. Dec 1-2t

ESTIMATES on all kinds of job printing cheerfully given at THE AGE Job Office.

TO THE PUBLIC.

COSHOCTON, O., Nov. 1, 1883.

This certifies that D. M. Moore bought Lady's Watch No. 1352725 in solid gold case and the same is warranted to be a good time keeper.

W. W. BOSTWICK.

THIS is to certify that Watch No. 276796 purchased of me by D. M. Moore is Warranted Solid Gold, and is guaranteed a good time piece.

WM. BURNS, JR.

J. W. SHAW has received a large stock of new Sewing Machines among which is the beautiful White which took the premium at the last fair which you will see by the premium list. The White has taken the lead for many years and is still in front. Sold by J. W. Shaw, Main St., opposite post office.

D. M. MOORE is having a big rush on his gold and silver shirt; he will compare them to any shirt in the city and if they are not cheaper by 15 per cent., will give them away. Come and buy and get a ticket on our beautiful gifts.

WE WILL SHOW

That is, if you will call at the store the nicest line of Gold and Silver Watches to be found in the county, and at prices that have never been excelled. At no time in the history of Coshocton has there ever been a stock to excel the one now carried by BURNS, the Jeweler.

TEN PER CENT. discount on all Goods bought of A. Berkowitz till January 1, 1884.

EVERYBODY will be welcome at our Grand Holiday Opening, Dec. 6, 7, 8.
DR. J. ANDERSON & SON. 2t

O C

School Teachers desiring Candies for X Mas will find a full line and low figures at J. W. Barkhurst's. dec1-4t

SEE those handsome all wool Plaids at Beall's, reduced to $1.00 17-3t.

NO GAMES OF CHANCE OR LOTTERY HUMBUGS.

We will sell you for the month of November, Ladies and Gents' Undeawear as cheap as you can buy it in Coshocton, and give you cash discount of ten per cent.

17-3t J. N. BEALL & CO.

THURSDAY, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6, 7, and 8, you are invited to attend our Grand Holiday Opening.
DR. J. ANDERSON & SON. 2t

BIGGEST
Drive of the Season.

Right from the Auction room in New York, another case of those 11-4 Grey Blankets.

Everybody pronounced these the best blankets ever sold at $3.00. Come and get a pair at 2.25, and get the best blanket ever sold for a cheap price. We have all the other grades at the best prices that can be bought for cash! Also, the biggest drive in

LADIES' DOLMANS

Ever brought to Coshocton. Dolmans we have been selling all season for 5 00, we can now sell for 3 00
" " 8 00, " " " 5 00
" " 10 00, " " " 6 75
" " 13 00, " " " 9 00
" " 15 50, " " " 10 50
" " 18 00, " " " 13 00

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®
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The Confession of a Young Widower.

I lost my wife just about a year ago now; and, strange to say, I'm not in the least consoled. I am not anxious to attack any body of professional men, but I do think that the physicians killed her.

I was ill myself for some time before, and when I met her, poor girl, I had been ill with nervous prostration, malaria and dyspepsia, the physicians said. The heat was intense—just such a heated term as we have had this Summer, and the brokers' office of Ackerly, Macklebury & Cords was not the coolest or the most salubrious environment. I had the ticker in my hand; it had just marked "Wabash Preferred," when I heard the cheery, musical voice of my fellow-clerk, Arthur Clark, say: "Hullo - there goes Horatio," and I was dimly conscious that I had tumbled into his long arms, and up against a rather warm waistcoat which covered the best heart in all this wicked world. Arthur had a house in an up-town street, while I only owned a weekly interest in a second-pair-back in a boarding house; and when I succumbed what did this prince of good fellows do, but have me put in an ambulance, and brought to his father's house, where a bed was made up for me in the empty parlors. His voice again was the next thing I heard.

"You see, old fellow," said Arthur "my mother and sisters are out of town, and only the boys and the governor are at home; so as we didn't want to put the governor out, we concluded to give you the parlors, where he rarely comes in Summer. So you are to lie here and get well; fine breeze through when the library door is left open, straw matting (rather the worse for wear), a few old pictures of suspected authenticity, on the wall, gasfixtures done up in brown paper, mirrors covered with mosquito net, Horatio Bronson stretched on a hastily improvised cot, ice on hand, taken down pretty bad, doctor recommends quiet, Arthur Clark, Esq., master of the situation. Dost like the picture? Moths, cats and mosquitoes thrown in, hand organs subsidized; lie still and get well. No emotion, if you please—forbidden, my dear boy, by medical advice."

Arthur rattled on and put me gradually into possession of the facts. From his lively investiture of my case, I presently sank off into a fever and lost all sense of time, place and circumstance. A doctor and a woman nurse became a part of my imperfect consciousness, and the large, deserted parlors of a city house, with its numerous pictures, became in a dreamy way the horizon of my confused and distressed vision.

There was a cattle piece in front of me, and a large dark red battle by moonlight in a heavy Venetian frame. There was a view of Venice, and a pretty little copy of Helen Froment, Rubens' wife. There was, of course, a Madonna della Seggiola, and a Cenci. Mr. and Mrs. Clark had been to Europe about twenty years ago, when no respectable American ever dared come home without the two last-named copies.

Over these pictures, and a little group of the Laocoon in the corner, did I dream, and perhaps rave. Arthur, dear old boy, used to come in and see me every evening. His personality stood out distinctly, and he has told me since (bless his heart!) that I always said, "You are doing your work and mine too, I know you are," and that once or twice I was weak enough to—well—let that pass, we do not love each other any the less.

I got to listening to the sounds at night, and wondering what they meant. A loud metallic thump on the pavement, as if some one had thrown down a crowbar, which occurred about once in five minutes, amazed and puzzled me. Why should any one throw down a crowbar with such marked periodicity? There was a little tinkling bell that came at 3 o'clock, just after the clock at Twenty-ninth street had struck, which was singularly puerile and foolish, I thought. Then there were queer people who walked and stopped, and others who walked and didn't stop. Why didn't they all stop, or else walk on? I overheard confidences of young lovers, many a marital reprisal, not meant for my ears, came through the closed blinds. Many a group of young men went by with song and jest, and then came the long weary time from 2 o'clock to 4, with only the episode of the crowbar, and the bell, and the clock, and now and then some other entirely inexplicable sound.

"I think we will leave his blinds open to-night to give him more air," said the familiar voice of my nurse to Arthur, one hot night, as my friend paid me his usual visit.

"Who is she?" I whispered feebly to Arthur. If I had a grain of sense or consecutive thought left, it always came to me when Arthur was in the room.

"One of the trained nurses from Bellevue, old boy. A nice girl. She is bringing you through splendidly. How do you feel to-night?—temperature rather high," and I sank off into sleep or something, with Arthur's cool hand on my brow.

When I awoke the gas was turned up and my nurse stood over me with a wineglass full of medicine.

"You must take this," said she, in a mildly authoritative voice.

I looked at her for the first time. She was a neat, elderly person, not at all handsome, but large and very powerful. It seemed to me at that moment as if she were Boadicea, or the Maid of Saragossa, or Miss Jox Blake, or something of that order.

As she poured down the draught I felt my whole internal economy obeying her. I swallowed, gasped, breathed, because she told me to. Then she left me.

The blinds were open, and moonlight streamed into my room. I saw the clouds and the cats; I saw the passers-by. There was a balcony outside my windows, and several people clambered up on it and looked at me. There was a newsboy whom I had offended, and a member of the Stock Exchange whom I had failed to please. At one time the balcony became unpleasantly crowded, and again it was empty.

The sounds went on, and the crowbar fell with disagreeable persistency. Just then a lady stepped on the balcony and calmly entered my room.

"Would you be kind enough to tell me what that noise is outside?" I asked.

"Oh!" said she, giving a little scream, rather astonished evidently. "A *man*—and a *bed*—in the *parlor*! What does all this mean, please?"

"Well, why not?" said I, rather offended, and with the egotism of illness.

Some scattering remnant of what once had been my intelligence, suggested that this young lady might be one of Arthur's sisters, who had come home unexpectedly, and had stepped (forgive the dreams of a sick man) over the iron balcony into the parlor.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I am Helen Froment, the governess," said she; "sent down by Mrs. Clark for some forgotten books. The train ran off the track. I got here just now. I have rung and rung and rung, but, as no one let me in, I, seeing the blinds open, naturally clambered over the iron railing, and here I am. Now, who and what are you?"

"I am a sick man—Horatio Bronson, I believe. Arthur brought me here."

"Oh, of course! How absurd! He wrote to his mother all about you. I had forgotten. My nerves have been so shaken by that railroad accident I had forgotten that you were here. I beg a thousand pardons for this intrusion. I will creep up into my room and disturb nobody."

"Stop a minute; my mind is weak. Turn up the gas, please, will you? How do you happen to be called *Helen Froment*, like the picture on the wall?"

The lady laughed and turned up the gas. "It is a curious coincidence," said she. "The young ladies call me 'the Rubens.' I am simply a German girl, with a common enough German name, Helena Fromont, the governess."

I took a good look at her.

She was a quiet girl, in a gray traveling dress, although I thought her smiling German face not unlike that of the picture.

Then the gas went down, and she went off, and the crowbar went on falling every five minutes outside, and the little bell tinkled at 3 o'clock.

About this time Arthur began to fade away. It seemed to me that I only saw him once after this, and then I said to him, "Nice girl, Helen Fromont," in a jocular way.

He laughed and said, "What queer things you do say!"

"I mean the governess, your sister's governess," said I, hoping he would tell me about her. "Oh! Yes! the governess, yes; ha, ha! Helen Froment. Oh, yes! Horatio, old fellow, keep cool keep quiet. Yes—. She is a nice girl enough," but he laughed, and would not explain.

Arthur disappeared about this time. I asked for him, and they said he had gone away. I should have missed him more, but Helen, Helen Froment became so devoted to me. She did not go back to Mrs. Clark with the books. She staid and nursed me most assiduously. She could draw and paint very well in water colors, and finding that this quiet accomplishment amused without wearying me, she was kind enough to sit by my side and let me watch her. Then she told me quaint stories in a German accent, and read poetry to me; and in a low recitative or in a sort of chant she gave my weary ears the relief of pretty and plaintive ballads of her own German land, which she sang in a pure, simple ballad voice, the best of all voices.

One hot evening she said to me, "Do you know what night this is? It is the eve of St. John. Midsummer Night, when the spirits of men go forth to meet God in the woods; the angels are all about us."

And she drew with her water-colors for me a little picture of a procession of Druids walking in a forest, while through the Gothic arches of the trees long lines of white-winged angels came down to meet them. I remember how cleverly she touched in the wings with a gleam of white.

But I was getting too much white about this time, and the strong white drapery and the sad face of the Cenci began to trouble me. I asked Helen to put that picture away, so I could not see it. "That I cannot do," said she, "but I can throw my dark shawl over it," and she did.

Helen Froment, meantime Rubens' Helen, continued to smile and to be amiable. I asked the other Helen to make me a little copy of that bright face, and to leave it where I could lift it up with my weak hand, and look at it a little nearer. This she did; but, when I tried to grasp it, I found out how weak I was. I found that I could not even master that frail piece of paper.

"You must remember," said Helen, "you are still very ill," and she laid the sketch away in a drawer of my little table.

Then I began to get better; I was strong, convalescent. I returned in thought to the world, and with me into the land of health came the patient girl who had now become my daily companion. She did not take all the care of me. Two men seemed to do that. I could not exactly tell where or when they came in, but just about with the disappearance of Arthur, I should say—that vague, uncertain period, not far from the time when Helen came in. Somehow I did not care to ask questions. Life was delightful enough, with the music, the painting, the poetry, which this accomplished girl brought into it. The other people made disagreeable noises, and were not altogether agreeable to feeble nerves. My men nurses tramped heavily and jangled glasses, and the doctor was, altogether the most respectable of his species, what I should call a loud man. Helen made no noise; she was the very essence of stillness, except when she sang or talked, and that was music which is not noise. Discord is what hurts us. Helen was all concord. Noise is discord. It seemed to me that this state of things had gone on for weeks, and that I began to know Helen as a man ought to know a woman whom he shall love and marry. I began to watch for fitting opportunity to tell her that I loved her; that she was the being of all others to make me happy. I owed it to Helen to tell her so, and I felt that we must make some excuse to our friends for being so much together, that even the doctor might think it strange, that perhaps Arthur—yes—Arthur. *Where was Arthur?*

But when I was ready to frame these sentences, Helen always evaded me; sometimes a tinkling of that ridiculous bell—and the men nurses came in—sometimes the doctor himself, never Arthur.

The parlor began to look unlike the parlor. The piano was covered over with a white cloth, and bottles stood upon it. Nothing seemed changed on the walls, but the cloth which had hidden the Cenci.

That had fallen, and suddenly the figure seemed to bend out of the frame and to nod to me.

"Helen!" I shrieked—"Helen! Hide the Cenci from me."

Her cool hand was over my eyes in a moment, and the vision passed away.

"Poor troubled brain," I heard her say, as she rubbed my forehead with her soft hand until I went to sleep.

It would be absurd to try to follow this love affair. Suffice to say we got to understand each other, and Helen promised to marry me. We had, of course, to wait until I should recover my health, which was as yet uncertain. I could not disguise it to myself that, although I had hours of health, the bottles, the doctor, the bed and the two men nurses remained.

Helen always said, "Patience, dearest, patience! All will be well. I will wait for you. You have a long Summer before you, in which you must recover. Meantime let us go on with the reading, the music, the painting." Helen was sweet and consistent, and I obeyed her.

And then we constructed our whole future life. She was to be my economical helpmate; with her little savings and mine we could afford a modest home.

We would begin plainly and live cheaply. She would still ply her brush and I would dig away down in Wall street, but we should be *together*. We had our love as a splendid capital. That was invested for us, and with that we could not be poor.

These were days and nights full of happiness. Helen seemed to need no sleep. She was often by my side at that dread hour of 3 in the morning, wiping the dews from my brow, and helping to account for the strange noises. We came to the conclusion that the periodic dropping of the crowbar was some midnight assassin of sleep repairing the Elevated Railroad. The little tinkling bell, we thought, might be some cat entangled in a network of resounding metal, the descendant of Bell the Cat, whoever he might be. Helen was the only person who had attended me through my illness, who ever tried to explain and to help me out of my intellectual mazes. The others ignored them.

It was the power of love, that one blessed inspiration, which never tires, never grows antagonistic, never sneers and never treats as trivial the lightest wish or theory of the beloved object. Helen was always fresh. She seemed to have just stepped from her loving women, like Helen of Troy. I never saw in her the disorder of early morning or night; the fatigue and heat of the sick room never reached her. The freshest colors, the freshest flowers, the sweet, careful arrangement of her hair, the perfume of neatness—all this and more, followed my beloved and made her priceless. And then I began to call her my wife. To be sure, it was premature! But she forgave it. Perhaps the sweetest word known to man or woman carried with it its own apology. She should be my wife!

And preposterous as it was, she forgave me.

She was not by my side when I needed her most, when the two men were rubbing me with salt flannel cloths and the doctor was pouring brandy down my throat. Oh, how I needed her in that painful struggle, when, as they said, "the fever turned." How I needed her in those hours of mortal weakness which succeeded. I could not ask for her. I could not speak. I could only think and pray for her, and look at the door to see if she were coming in. It was the third day, I think, after this that the doctor told me that Arthur had the fever, up stairs; that I had worn out two hospital nurses, and that I had been so delirious as to need the attendance of two men.

"Those pictures," said the doctor, smiling, "have come in for a good deal of the brain trouble," and he pointed to the Cenci, still covered.

He stepped to the frame and took down the cover. How poor and pale a copy it seemed, how utterly insignificant!

"But," said I, "Doctor, all this is very well, but what has become of Helen, my Helen Fromont, *my wife?*"

The doctor laughed.

"My dear boy," said he, "she was only a part of the fever. One of your insane dreams. That excellent Miss Hunt—she is elderly and plain enough for all professional purposes, but she had to ring the bell and summon Simon, you made love to her so frequently. She knew, however, that you were as mad as a hatter, and she will never sue you for breach of promise of marriage. She is down with the fever herself, poor girl."

I would not believe it; I did not believe it and I don't believe it. I would wait and see Arthur, and ask him if it were not a conspiracy of my enemies. When we two met again we were two ghosts of long standing. The same imperfect plumbing which had made me ill had reached my generous friend, and together we had made the night hideous for the respectable mansion in West Blank street.

But Arthur had not lost a wife, as I had done, and he got well quicker. I could not help asking him if there was not some foundation for my theory of Helen. Had not somebody entered the house by the balcony that dreamy, starry night?

"Yes," said Arthur, "that was true. My sister's governess did come home late, after a railway detention, and did get in over the balcony, and was scared at finding you in the room. She was off the next morning, however, bright and early, and you would not call her 'Helen' if you saw her now, I am sure." I did see her later, and I agreed with Arthur that she was not my Helen, at least.

But the memory was too strong to be shaken off. Where had gone that real, that beautiful person who had made me so happy? Where was that rare intelligence, that cool hand, that fresh, vigorous, untiring young girl? If I had created that Eve I was a demigod. I could not surrender the powerful impression to disbelieve in her. It seemed like an infidelity to a real woman. What if, unknown to all the world, some dear creature, inspired by divinest pity, had deceived the nurses and the doctor, *had* entered and cared for me, *had* loved me, and *had* accepted my love in return? I was pledged to this being. She was mine. She should be my wife. I should meet her again. I *shall* meet her again; I am convinced of it.

My doctor sent for Dr. Hammond to come and talk to me about the brain. He told me of one of his patients who always saw Sir Walter Raleigh if he tied his necktie too tight, and so on.

"Doctor," said I, "will you kindly tie my necktie in such a manner that I can see Helen again."

"Afraid to do it, sir!" said the great brain man. "Helen was born of a severe typhoid delirium, and a picture. Your nurse—the curtain even took her shape. She was the esthetic untouched side of your brain, the relief from the tortured side; that in you which loved music and painting and poetry, called itself Helen. No! I am afraid that you have lost your wife."

"Doctor," said I, "do these spirits or visions paint in water-colors?"

And I drew from a little drawer in my table, where I had seen her place it, Helen's copy of the Rubens.

"That is a pretty study," said the doctor, looking up at the original. "Done by one of Arthur's sisters, I dare say. They all have artistic talents, these Clarks."

"Doctor, I saw my wife paint that, and—look in the corner for the initials, if you will."

"Yes; '*H. F.*'" said the doctor; "a curious coincidence; Horace Farley, perhaps, but certainly not Helen Froment—she has been dead two hundred years. You will get over this dream, my dear boy, when you are stronger, and out of this room, and away from that picture, which reached the brain just as it was in an excited state. It will pass."

But it has not gone; and I still have the little water-color, which has never been explained.

A Description of a Cowboy.

A genuine cowboy is worth describing. In many respects he is a wonderful creature. He endures hardship that would take the lives of most men, and is, therefore, a perfect type of physical manhood. He is the finest horseman in the world, and excels in all the rude sports of the field. He aims to be a dead shot, and universally is. Constantly during the herding season he rides seventy-five miles a day, and a majority of the year sleeps in the open air. His life in the saddle makes him worship his horse, and it, with a rifle and a six-shooter, complete his happiness. Of vice in the ordinary sense he knows nothing. He is a rough, uncouth, brave and generous creature, who never lies or cheats. It is a mistake to imagine that they are a dangerous set. Any one is as safe with them as with any people in the world, unless he steals a horse or is hunting for a fight. In their eyes death is a mild punishment for horse-stealing. Indeed, it is the highest crimen known to the unwritten law of the ranch. Their life, habits, education, and necessities breed this feeling in them. But with all this disregard of human life there are less murderers and cut-throats graduated from the cowboys than from among the better educated classes of the east who go west for venture or gain.

They delight in appearing rougher than they are. To a tender-foot as they call an eastern man, they love to tell blood-curdling stories, and impress him with the dangers on the frontier. But no man needs to get in a quarrel with them unless he commits some crime.

Clerk's Office.

NEW CASES: John E. Ling vs Martin Gross et al; foreclosure of mortgage; amount claimed $662.50 and interest.

If your path is smooth—watch and pray.

Written for The Coshocton Age.

THE SEA KING.

BY C. E. STOAKS.

I was suddenly taken from the scenes of ordinary life in the spell of a strange sensation—yes, wonderfully strange, that of being swept along by an irresistible force o'er a strange and uncertain road. The way grew as I went on; I strained to withhold myself; I grasped desperately and hopelessly at strange looking objects that hurried past me, which grew stranger as I went.

I tried in vain to gain a sight of the mysterious power that pushed me along, but I could not. I tried to call aloud, but I could not; the wonderful velocity with which I was rushing along entirely took my breath away whenever I opened my mouth. A slight noise, which I heard from the first, sounding like a December gale in a pine forest, had steadily increased, until it was now like the most terrible thunder, but more continuous. The roar now was almost deafening. My eyes were open to darkness—appalling darkness. The velocity continued to increase, and I was certain that if I was forced along with greater speed I could not breathe.

As I plunged along through this chaos of elements I felt distinctly a change in atmosphere. The air became colder as I went. I also discovered that the air was fast losing density, until I was obliged at last to breathe so rapidly that I feared my respiratory system would exhaust. But on and on I went, continually trying to stop, getting weaker and weaker, until I could not offer the least resistance, and ceased all effort. But I noticed that as much as I relaxed my efforts, so much did the force desist, until now I stood still.

The darkness began to give way to a strange lurid glare, so unnatural and ghostly that my nerves fairly collapsed. The awful roar that had so confused my thoughts was now only a noisy clamor, and still decreasing, until it was finally lost entirely, and the silence that followed was so absolutely blank that my own heart beats sounded like that of a muffled bass drum in an empty hall.

This empty silence, and still more empty view, through the pale, bluish light, caused a feeling in me that I shall never forget. It was even more distressing to me than during that terrible whirlpool of all that is terrifying in the elements. I contracted my muscles and stood erect. I felt myself standing on nothing. I could see nothing below, above, nor around me but that same sickly glimmer of unnatural light. I was fearful of walking, or even moving, lest I should fall, I knew not where.

My mind here began to revolve upon the condition of affairs, "Where am I," and "how came I here?" are the questions that put themselves forth. My utter loss of hope had overcome all desire to return. I stood there, a something on nothing. The light grew paler before me. It was such a cold light; like that of the electric spark. I could distinguish a center of the light, which grew lighter but not brighter. There was not the least sensation of dazzling brightness about it. And here I began to hear a faint noise. Although it was very faint and scarcely audible, yet there was something about it that made me shrink with dread and fear. I turned to flee, but I felt myself unable to move. I filled my lungs with the peculiar atmosphere and cried out, "Help!" There never was anything in existence since the great chaos of creation with which to compare the sound of my voice. It so frightened me that I made no effort to repeat it.

I began to think the earth had fallen from me, and I was in that boundless area of nothingness known as space.

While cogitating upon this probability, that unearthly noise suddenly changed to a wail, like that of a thousand voices in one.

The effect upon me was different from that of my own voice, if I may so call it. I became fearfully conscious that I was not alone, but prayed that I might be; for I was certain that should my eyes see as my ears had heard, the effect would overcome me. I was more and more impressed with the feeling that something was approaching. I peered into the ghastly light before me—I did see something—I looked more intensely; and in that center of light I could plainly see an object that was fast taking form—it was approaching me; I could see now a great white face, and—holy horrors! it was coming towards me—I could see an arm and hand uplifted, a finger, a great sharp-pointed wing, like that of a shark's fin, on either side; a robe—I could hear it rustle with a roar. But the eyes—those open orbs that from the blood in my contracted veins. Here another yell that lifted me fairly off the shoe-soles by the hair, then gradually died away into a wail that blended into a deep, hollow moan, which continued until I could plainly distinguish words something like these:

"The sea, the sea, the sea;
The fathomless, bottomless, sea, sea, sea,
Endless, restless
Sea, sea, sea."

The voice ceased and I stood alone, and face to face with a horrid monster, more horrid because it was of human form with superhuman mein. I was now so near transfixed to stone that nothing moved me. The lips of the monster moved, and from them came a voice, not as I expected, like that of thunder; but a hollow, sepulchral sound, that seemed to petrify the very marrow in my bones. Words, plain English words, became audible. I can remember only these:

The cold, dark sea, sea, sea;
The deep, blue sea, sea, sea,
Where all from pain are free.
Surge, surge, surge,
Moan, moan, moan;
My home, my throne, my sea.
Roll, roll, roll,
Toss, toss, toss,
Thou boundless, endless sea, sea, sea.

My whole body caught in the sway of the rythm, and as the voice ebbed away, my fright went with it, and I began to move about in the same peculiar swing; and continually before me was the mysterious singer, and I knew from his song that I was in the sea—"the fathomless, bottomless sea."

My strength had so far returned that I at last mustered up courage to address the strange singer. So, in my voice, which was not so loud as before, I began:

"Your majesty, whose very presence has nearly crushed me out of existence, whether thou hail from heaven or hell, tell me whither thou hast brought me, and for what purpose I am here in these strange surroundings. I desire to return to open air and stay no longer in this devilish place, where I am continually quaking with fear lest some finny imp should force me further on where I should behold more diabolical scenes." I should have gone on, had not this great king of the goblins of the sea interrupted me with a gesture. He slowly raised his arm and the roar his ghostlike garments made, again caused my flesh to creep and the little courage I had assumed, entirely vanished, and a voice came with a hollow sound in the same rolling rythm,

O, for a home in the sea, sea, sea;
Where waves and billows are free, free, free;
All have a home here with me, me, me,
Who are lost in the boundless sea, sea, sea,
Lost in the endless sea, sea, sea.
Come, come, come,
Ring, ring, ring,
All the knells of the dark blue sea, sea, sea.
Sing the wild glee,
Another is free,
In the restless, fathomless sea, sea, sea.

How long this surging, swinging metre was kept up, I can not say, but I remember what I have written, and shall till my dying day. I had now given up all hope of ever escaping. I had no desire to return to the world I had left so strangely. I wanted to die; just simply die. While these thoughts, and others, were rushing through my mind, that kingly specter still sang his monotonous dirge in the same unearthly rythm.

Hereupon a strange, tingling sensation came over me, and a distant clamor fell upon my ear, and I caught these words from the flowing song of the kingly phantom, for phantom he must be:

Come my elves of the sea, sea, sea,
From your caverns of pearl to me, me, me;
From the dells of the sea,
Come sing your wild glee
To one who is free, free, free.

Here I could see distinctly from all directions, vast myriads of spectral objects approaching, and soon the spot where I stood with my singing companion was surrounded with innumerable forms, and the faint noise I had heard at first, after becoming the voice of all the throng in one, in the same rythm and swing, began to chant in one mighty chorus the same mournful words.

At first all was one vast discord; but it gradually changed to chords so lofty and so powerful that words can not describe the magnificence of the song. They all joined hands in a weird, wild waltz to the music.

I say joined hands, for they had hands and faces, and were of human form, save that each had a pair of gauzy, green wings or fins, while the shape of the lower limbs was lost in a peculiar drapery that blended with a foam at the feet, which seemed a white vapor. Each wore a crown in which was set a jewel that gave out a mellow light, each of a different tint.

On went the weird waltz, and loud swelled the chanting chorus.

Oh, for a home in the sea,
In the restless, murmuring sea, sea, sea,
All hail, then, with glee,
The king of the sea.
The fathomless, boundless sea, sea, sea
Roar, roar, roar;
Lash, lash, lash,
The waves of the restless sea, sea, sea,
The restless, murmuring sea, sea, sea.

I felt myself gradually drifting away; and as I left the glad, endless multitude, the notes of that wild chant died away; but they will sound forever in my soul, the requiem of eternity.

I had heard and seen the mysteries of the "fathomless, boundless sea." The voice of the Sea King calling me back was changed to that of a more earthly tone. A word came to me like that of a mortal of atmosphere—asking me if I felt the tooth give way.

I arose up in the dental chair and said I, in, it seemed, that same rythm, "How much is it?"

"One dollar and a half, sir."

"Cheap fair," said I, "but before I ride on a laughing-gas train again I'll enjoy the tooth-ache all winter."

Thanking him kindly for selling me a round trip ticket, I left that dental den without either tooth or senses; and it was several days before I had either fully replaced.

THE Guernsey Times asks: "Did anyone ever notice how a Democrat hates a preacher who has interest enough in his country's welfare to take part in its politics? Why is it thus? Why is it that they declare politics forbidden to the ministry? It is because ninety preachers out of a hundred who do participate in politics espouse the Republican cause. A Democratic preacher politician is all right, but then he is such a rara avis that Democratic policy condemns anything like activity in politics in preachers. There is not one thing that is a matter of greater pride or a higher compliment to the Republican party and its principles than that in its ranks are arrayed the ministers of God.

Real Estate Transfers.

[Deferred.]

Hiram Haines to H. H. Gaskill, lot 81 in Bucklew's addition to Warsaw, $600.

Adam Levengood to Valentine Wilhelm, Sr., 8 acres in Crawford tp. for $400.

Adam Levengood to Valentine Wilhelm, Jr., 44½ acres in Crawford tp., for $2500.

Houston Hay to the P. C. & St. L. Railway Co., a strip of land in Coshocton for $200.

John G. McConnell to Susan Johnson, lot 187 in Rickett's addition to Coshocton for $112.

J. F. Estep to Robert McKeag, quit claim to 100 acres in Linton tp., for $300.

Robert C. Banker to Robert McKeag, quit claim to 100 acres in Linton tp., for $300.

Henry Stephon to James McKeag, quit claim to 100 acres in Linton tp., for $400.

W. B. Bryan to Christopher Hall, 8 acres in Franklin tp., for $500.

Jane M. Stewart, John S. Elliott, Lydia Lane, J. H. Sickert, Wallace M. Sutton and G. D. Bryden each conveyed to the village of Coshocton a strip three feet wide off the west end of their lots on the east side of Sixth street for sidewalk, for the consideration of $1 each.

Louisa Lybargar to Johnathan Dewitt, lots 8 and 9 in Oxford Station, for $200.

Isaac M. Smith et al, to James Crawford, 50 acres in Millcreek tp., for $3,250.

James C. Carr to Mary M. Burgess, 300 acres in Linton tp., for $300.

Frederick Tembricht to William Zinkon, Sr., 117 acres in Adams tp., for $7,330.40.

John H. Zinkon to to Wm. Zinkon, quit claim to 112 acres in Adams tp., for $150.

Lewis Darling to Temperance Baad lot 119 in Bucklew's addition to Warsaw, for $62.25.

Coshocton County Agricultural Society to Lewis H. Zound, lots 76 and 77 in the Agricultural Society's addition to Coshocton, for $150.

Frank C. Hay et al, to G. H. Bargar, part of lot 141 in Coshocton, for $1600.

John B. Smith to Catherine Thatcher, a tract of land and lots in Tiverton tp., for $800

Probate Court.

Henry McCoy was appointed executor of the last will of Joseph McCoy, deceased. Bond $1,000.

The last will of John Duncan was admitted to probate and ordered to be recorded. Benjamin Lower and Jonas Duncan, the executors named in the will, were appointed by the court. Bond $16,000.

The last will of Joseph McCoy, deceased, was admitted to probate and ordered to be recorded.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Jacob Booth and Sarah C. Brightwell; A. Babcock and Catherine Scott; Francis M. Bender and Catherine Croft, Horace H. F. Davis and Mary N. Wolfe, A. L. Jeffries and Tilitha Collins, Henry H. Wagoner and Belle Simon, Adam Philabaum and Susan J. McNealy.

Public Sale.

The undersigned will offer at public sale at his residence, one mile west of Franklin Station, on THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1883, the following described property: 3 milch cows; 6 head of Durham cattle; 100 head of sheep; 1 thoroughbred chester white brood sow and pigs; 1 two-horse spring wagon, good as new; 1 two-horse farm wagon; 1 sett spring wagon harness, good as new; 1 sett double harness; hay in stack; 400 shocks of corn fodder; farming utensils; household and kitchen furniture.

Sale to commence at ten o'clock.

TERMS—Made known on day of sale. JAMES ECKELS.

Nov24-2w.

THE NEW NORTHWEST.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

HELENA, M. T., Nov. 15, 1883.

It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless a fact that one-half of this great Territory of Montana, and probably the best half, is the property of the Indian tribes within her borders. Of these tribes the Flatheads and the Pend d' Oreilles have reached better stage of civilization than any others on the continent. This is doubtless owing to the excellent methods of appealing to their reasoning faculties, adopted by the Jesuit fathers in the early settlement of the country, who thus won their confidence and gained absolute ascendancy over the spiritual as well as temporal concerns of these tractable natives. It is not known that either of these two tribes has ever slaughtered a white man, and it is one of the credit marks put down to them by Father DeSmet, that they are the most orderly and at the same time the most industrious and thrifty of Indian kind. Indeed life and property among them are as secure as in most civilized communities, and it is one of the encouraging signs of the return of reason on the part of the Government agents, that farming upon a large scale is now being successfully carried on by them. The Flathead agency is now under control of the Catholic Church, which now sustains a mission where are excellent schools for boys and girls, a church, a convent, and a first-class printing office.

One of the prettiest little towns to be met with between Bozeman and Portland is Missoula, beautifully situated on a plateau facing Hell Gate River, twelve miles above its juncture with the Bitter Root. Here is the entrance to the famous Hell Gate Canon, and westward loom up the dark walls of the Bitter Root mountains, which are higher than the highest Rockies, and a portion of them covered with eternal snow. The valley of the Bitter Root has a more equable climate than has any other portion of Montana, and is susceptible of cultivation for a distance of twenty miles, within which limits there are supplies of fruits, grain and potatoes sufficient for the use of the neighboring mining camps and military posts. Herds of cattle and horses wax fat upon the rich grasses on the mountain slopes; while the hog claims the partiality of its owner in being fattened upon peas and wheat. The taste of what is termed a Bitter Root ham is something that stays by you for a long time, as it is one of the most appetizing of all the species of animal food. The bitter root from which the valley takes its name, sends forth its beautiful rose colored stars in May or June, covering as by a mantle all the ground that the ploughman has omitted. This root, which has a resemblance to macaroni when in a dried state, is one of the favorite dishes of the Indians, and it is really palatable when properly prepared. The camas root is also an article of food in good repute among the Flatheads, who form gathering expeditions for the camas prairies, as the children of civilization go in squads in search of the toothsome huckleberry. A three days' ride brings the traveler out of the Bitter Root valley, and out of sight of the mountains save of the system called the Pyramid, which rears its pointed crest cloudward to a height of ten thousand feet. This we never lost sight of during a journey of six days, at the end of which we find ourselves in one of the most enchanting of the valleys of the Rocky Mountain system.

Reaching the Pend d' Oreille River we encountered a genuine specimen of a low down white man, a shiftless lazy, tobacco-eating lout, whose charge of seven dollars for ferrying us across the river showed that he knew enough to improve his opportunities for fleecing the tourist, which at this time of the year are not at all frequent. Here we learned that he had secured the privilege of ferrying travelers at his own price, by agreeing to take the Indians over gratuitously. The fellow lives in a floorless hut, with no vestige of any surroundings that betoken a civilized existence except a cookstove and its utensils, which he kindly placed at our disposal in consideration of the sum of three dollars to him in hand paid in advance. In Montana the traveler must either carry his bed with him or take the chances of whiling away the hours of a most disagreeable night upon the downy side of a puncheon floor or the damp side of a mud floor like that on which we were compelled to sleep in the ferryman's hut. However, we had a good equipment of blankets and robes with which we made ourselves comfortable; and this mud floor privilege with a breakfast of bacon and corn dodgers in the morning were the equivalent of another five dollar bill, which our landlord explained was the standard rate for lodgings. I found in my subsequent travels through this region that there is one class of settlers whose ambition to be decent does not venture beyond the primitive mud floor and they are all from Missouri. The Missourean is instinctively a frontiersman, and distinctively indifferent in the matter of providing himself with the comforts of a home. He has an insurmountable hostility to trees, and a relentless antipathy against the labor necessary to put a fence around his possessions. Take them all in all they are a most shabby lot, who seem to have no other mission on this earth than to enjoy poor living, eat tobacco, drink poor whiskey, and get away from civilization whenever it overtakes them. DOM PEDRO.

Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, by purifying the blood, render the complexion clear and beautiful. Sold by McNaughton & Co.

FOR-GET-ME-NOT.

BY YATES RUSTICUS, WEST LAFAYETTE.

Strange words are these,
'For-get-me-not;"
They seem to carry on the breeze
Of far off pleasure laden trees,
The memory of happier days;
And on my heart a deep spell lays,
'For-get-me-not."

It seems to say, there was a day
When thou and I,
In this same way (but light and gay)
Were passing by.
The sun was bright, and fair the sight
Of flowrets gay—
My heart was light, in hope you might
Be thus alway.

And if a smile I could obtain,
My dearest wish I thus did gain.
And when I of the future thought,
'Twas hoping you'd for-get-me-not.

And, hush my heart
Thy dreaming stay;)
If from the past thou now canst part,
Without a touch of sorrow's dart,
Of memories of days gone by,
Cannot call up one longing sigh,
Forget ye may.

But if within thy memories' walls,
Thou keep'st one little spot for me;
Whatever light appearance lends,
Remember I'm a friend to thee.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father in Heaven to Thee we give prais
And hallow Thy name as our voices we raise
Let Thy Kingdom come to bring blessings to
earth,
For the promise was fulfilled since the virgi
gave birth.

Thy will shall be done as our King we obey,
And never we hope from Thy fold we sha
stray;
Supply all our wants by Thy bountiful han
And forgive all our debts as before Thee w
stand.

As we forgive others the debt that they owe,
Keep us from temptation or in sin we wi
grow;
Deliver us from evil Thy Kingdom doth rule
May it ever prevail, as a church and a schoo

Now unto Thee we give glory for ever,
And earth joins with heaven never to sever;
In praising Thy name in heaven above,
Where nothing shall enter but pure sacri
love.

Coshocton, O., Nov 23. J. W. S.

Some Thoughts on Religion an the Work of the Church.

Correspondence Coshocton AGE.

WACO, NEBRASKA, Nov. 18,

This morning as I sat wearily in m arm chair, kept away from church b a slight illness, my ears were greete by the cheering sound of the churc bell. When I first came to this plac I sadly missed the sweet inviting soun to which I had been accustomed to li ten at each returning hour of sacri worship; for until now, we have he no bell. This fall the M. E. Churc society has built a new house of wo ship which was last Sunday dedicate to the service of God.

A bell was placed upon it and no for the first time we lis en to its musi

At its sound a host of tender memo ries thronged in upon my soul; men orios of other churches where I ha worshiped in former times, and of fac I saw there in the days that are pas I dreamed over these things for a tim and then I turned to the considerati of the wonderful spread of the gosp and the rapid advance of church wor in these western lands.

Religious enterprises are being push ed forward with the same zeal and e ergy that characterizes enterprises every other kind. Churches sprin up in a day, as it were, in evet village and hamlet. In every nook a corner whither the tide of emigratio has found its way, there religion al finds its way and rears its temples, i viting all to a spiritual as well as ten poral houses.

It is generally said that the M. Church is the great pioneer churc and so it is. It pushes forward with great deal of energy; but side by si with it, and sometimes ahead of it, the Presbyterian Church in this hon missionary work in the west.

These two churches are first a foremost, and other denomination follow more at leisure. What is t most pleasing and gratifying about th great work is the perfect harmony wi which they work together for the sam great end. The little points of diffe ence over which our fathers disputed and quarreled in "the good old days" are now lost sight of in the one gre desire to christianize the world. Th idea of the sovereignty of God, do not conflict with that of the free wi of man. But how long we were reaching this simple truth, and ho many have stumbled at it, and how h the work of christianity suffered fro these differences that are no diffe ences whatever.

When we compare the church of t day with the church of the past wh great changes for the better we observe and if this improvement goes on in th future as rapidly as it has in the la twenty years what may we not hope see? Will the time not soon com when all evangelical churches will united under one name, or at least b united in sentiment?

Then will the great work go forwar unimpeded by those disputes that na rowed the souls of our fathers an caused them to neglect the gener good, while they strained at a gnat.

J. S.

A LUCCY FISHERMAN.

In the vast amount of business tran sacted at Baltimore, Md., Postoffic Mr. M. V. Baily, Superintendant the Mails, is kept exceedingly busy but somehow he finds a spare hour day to go fishing, and from his expe rience he gives his testimony, that St Jacobs Oil is the best remedy in th world for rheumatism, sprains, sor feet and joints, bruises, etc. It is th remedy for fishermen and gunners, wh should always keep a bottle on hand.

Let us first search ourselves and af terwards the world.

Where every other remedy has failed to cure Pneumonia, Down's Elixir ha succeeded. Sold by McNaughton & Co.

NEW

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE official returns show the average Republican majority in Pennsylvania at the recent election to be 3,863.

DURBIN WARD is receiving plenty of sympathy in his contest for Senatorial honors, but this is about all he will receive. Some other fellow with Star'l will walk off with the plum.

JOHN C. NEW thinks Arthur and Gresham would make a good ticket in 1884. He adds that Indiana, while it is naturally a Democratic state, can be carried for the Republicans if the Democrats fool with the tariff.

MR. HENDRICKS says he knows a Democrat who can carry New York, Ohio and Indiana. He neglects to mention the name, perhaps through modesty. Let him give it to a newspaper man, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

THE State Journal advises Republicans to throw temperance overboard, lest there might be a danger of the party getting strangled on salt water in the attempt. The question cannot be so easily disposed of. It has come to stay until solved. Taxation and local option is the plan.

THE friends of Springer, of Illinois, claim that if he be chosen Speaker the Democrats will have no difficulty in carrying Illinois next year. The signs indicate, too, that Springer will be chosen, because Randall and Carlisle are determined to cut each other's throats. However, we expect to see Illinois cast her electoral vote for the Republican candidate for President.

THE Speakership contest at Washington has assumed a queer phase, inasmuch as Democrats in the North are given to denouncing sectional strife, they are now using the name against Carlisle, of Kentucky, in the interests of Randall. The North-ern Democrats fear if a Southern man is chosen for Speaker it will operate against the interests of the party at the Presidential election next year.

THE Cincinnati News Journal has waived the objection to Randall for Speaker, that he favors the abolishment of all internal revenue taxation, inasmuch as this means free whisky, his election to the Chair would not be pleasing to Ohio people. It is rather amusing to see the able exponent of "the Democracy" thus straining at a gnat, when all during the late campaign in Ohio it approved with much fervor all measures that had the least resemblance to taxation of the liquor traffic.

A MAN named Matthews was told to stay away from the polls at Copiah, Miss., but he didn't heed the advice, and he was shot down in cold blood. At the risk of being accused of waving the bloody shirt, we reproduce what is said by the Vicksburg Post, the leading Democratic paper of Mississippi:

"Every bullet that was shot into Matthews will be worth thousands of votes to the Republicans, because it will be said, *and it cannot be denied*, that he was killed on account of his politics by intolerant Democrats."

THE surface indications are that there was considerable fraud in counting the votes on the Second Amendment at the recent election. The Law and Order League at Columbus have been recounting the vote cast in that ward, and in one ward, where no votes were returned for the amendment there were found to have been 114 cast for it, and gains have been found in other precincts. The Leagues announce it as their belief that if there had been a recount the amendment would have prevailed.

IT CERTAINLY looks as if "the first gun of the campaign" of 1884 had been formally fired, so far as the Democratic party is concerned. Here is a dispatch from Albany, N. Y., stating: "The National Democratic Publishing Company, New York, capital $50,000," has become incorporated by certificate filed in the office of the Secretary of State. All experienced writers in political furniture agree that a first class well-stocked "literary bureau," warranted to fire the popular heart or the money refunded, can be bought for $200,000.

THE Southern members of Congress who favor Mr. Carlisle for Speaker are persistent in their claims. One of them said to a reporter:

"We are tired of doing all the voting and receiving none of the rewards. We cannot expect a big turkey in the shape of a Presidential candidate, but we have got the votes and we propose to have this little turkey ourselves. We have starved for twenty years; we have been eating dirt all the time, and some of our fellows do want an excuse to vote for Randall seems to like it. They are crying: 'Hush! the South must keep in the background or we shall have a solid North against us and lose the Presidency again.' Now we are tired of this thing and we propose to elect a Southern man Speaker. The tail has wagged the dog long enough and we propose to have a change."

BROADBRIM'S NEW YORK LETTER

A Pathetic Story of the Trials of a Popular Young Pastor.

The Onward and Unstoppable Tread of Monopolies Fittingly Illustrated by the Standard Oil Company—The Question "How Are We to Live," a Momentous One—Death of a Popular and Honest Politician.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.

A few years ago a young minister appeared in Brooklyn and was installed as a pastor over one of the most popular Methodist churches in the city. He was an exceedingly handsome young man; in fact altogether too handsome for the shepherd of a flock of lambs, with a large preponderance of ewes. Not that there was anything wrong about this particular minister, for there wasnot; he toed the spiritual mark every time, and when weighed in the balance was not found wanting in anything. But it is not a good thing to have the minister too handsome, otherwise the susceptible female portion of the congregation will be thinking of the minister when they should be thinking of their sins. This minister was not only handsome but eloquent; and he had not been long installed in his new church when the house became too small to hold the congregation. The summer vacation was seized on to tear down the old edifice and rear a new temple in its place; and when the autumn leaves were falling and the vagrant congregation returned to the old alter to confess their sins and transgressions of the summer, they found the ceilings frescoed, a new gallery, new pews with broad hair cushions, that made them feel like a saint's rest; stained glass windows, all full of nice, fat little angels, filled the interior of the church with the hues of the rainbow, while the organ, resplendent in the brightest of blues, the most brilliant of reds, and the shiniest of gold, was at once a wonder and delight, and, while in strict keeping with the rest of the edifice, was like anything else but the staid old Methodist church, for which John Wesley had stood the pelting of rotten eggs at Moorfields, and Charles had just escaped a ducking under Aldergate pump. But the youthful pastor was evidently gratified, for every Sunday the church was crowded, and the only regret of the deacons and trustees was, that they had no more ground to build on. The minister had arrived at the summit of his hopes, but lions lay in the path. His wife, a beautiful, affectionate young creature, fell sick, and before loving hands could aid her she was gone. For weeks and weeks the young priest's reason tottered on the verge of insanity; no friendly aid brought any consolation to his desolate hearth stone; and even prayer seemed to have lost its power, for his heart was empty and his eyes were wet. The elders of the congregation shook their heads as they looked in his wan face, and they said, there is nothing left for him but the grave. He will never smile again.

About six months from the time of which I have been speaking, a consoling angel appeared to the young pastor, in the person of the cousin of his departed wife, and the new divinity made such excellent use of her time, that after a reasonable period of mourning, such as society demands and the church expects, the young minister appeared a second time before the alter with a bride, wreathed in orange blossoms, and began life anew.

Then occurred the most radical change of all—the second angel was a Baptist; and the wedding bells had scarcely stopped ringing when Methodist Brooklyn was horrified by the announcement that her petted ecclesiastical darling was about to shake the dust of Methodism from his feet and be dipped in the Baptist church. His apostacy was complete, and it was no sooner finished than he was installed over one of the largest and most influential Baptist congregations in Brooklyn. Soon discontent began to manifest itself, and after a year of trial and tribulation, one-third of the most respectable and wealthy members of the church withdrew in a body and started a new congregation; and all I have told you is but a prologue to the pastor's present sin—one which overshadows every other malefaction and at present threatens his temporal, if not his spiritual destruction.

A week ago last Sabbath he preached a sermon on courting Sunday nights, expiating on the evil influences of this terrible custom, calling upon fathers and mothers of the congregation to use their authority to suppress it; threatening the anathema maranatha and the fires of Gehenna to those who refused to obey. The sermon was not a success; it raised a row in the congregation, and Deacon Miller's son, John, was heard to declare, "that if he had to give up Sunday evenings with Jane Matilda Summers or the minister's preaching, he guessed he'd give up the preaching;" and this sentiment was loudly endorsed by a chorus of a hundred voices. The minister has had two trials at it and each one has been a success. But from the very nature of his calling, he could not do his courting Sunday nights; he had lots of opportunities through the week day afternoons, which he worked with pleasure and profit to himself. He forgot that every poor fellow has not a popular young minister's opportunities, but one thing is morally certain, and that is, that his sermon on courting Sunday nights is the severest blow that revealed religion has received in Brooklyn for years, and that minister's usefulness is very much impaired

While on the subject of churches, you should have seen the crush at Plymouth Church when Henry Irving and Miss Terry went over to hear Henry Ward Beecher preach. Irving thinks Beecher a first-class preacher, and Beecher thinks Irving a first class actor; the pulpit and the stage have come together. Hooray!

On Tuesday the theatrical world was all agog when Irving acted Louis XI for the profession. One would scarcely think there were so many actors in New York, but they filled the Star Theatre from pit to dome The performance is one of Mr. Irving's best, and yet not good enough to be called great. It has almost become a custom for foreign actors to give their brother professionals a fine treat. Everybody seemed highly pleased and the affair was a pronounced success.

If any man doubts that we are gradually being throttled by monopolies, let him step across the river and to our sister city, Brooklyn, and see the fight now going on between the Standard Oil Company and a single gas company, which it is attempting to destroy. When the Standard Oil Company started in to form a gas syndicate, one by one they bulldozed the Brooklyn companies till they got them all to join in a ring to fix the price of gas at $2.50 per 1,000 feet. One company alone resisted; they were supplying their customers at $2.00 per thousand and were realizing a fair profit, and they did not wish to get into the folds of the anaconda Then the Standard Oil Company, at a cost of many thousands of dollars, proceeded to lay gas mains all over the territory covered by the rival company, and they appeal to the cupidity of the citizens of Brooklyn, by offering to furnish gas free for the months of November and December. I hope the sense of square dealing, as well as of personal safety, which distinguishes our freinds of the City of Churches, will not allow them to see a company crushed by such a worthless rival and such a shallow pretense. If our railroads and telegraphs, our gas and our grain, our vegetables and our meats, are all to be controlled by monopolies like the Standard Oil Company—the Jay Gould's, the Vanderbilt's and the Armour's—the sooner we move out and leave them the country to themselves the better. Stanley says there is room for a larger population on the Congo. Tasmania and New Zealand have happy hunting grounds.

The interior of Australia may be full of the grandest possibilities, to say nothing of snakes and kangaroos. But snake or no snake any country between Grinnell Land and the South Pole would be paradise for a free man besides the United States, if owned and ruled by such a crew as I have named. Stand fast, oh Nassau of Brooklyn, stand fast, and let your light shine from the housetops, if it does cost you $2 a 1,000.

The adjustment of the grand question of how are we to live, has passed beyond the pale of ordinary politics. One individual seizes our loaf of bread, fixes his price upon it, and makes us pay it. Others seize our pork and our beef; another gets possession of our coffee; another of our tea. One gigantic pirate seizes all the great avenues of news; others get possession of our only means of light; one gets all the oil and the other gets all the gas. Even the tallow dips are levied on, and, worse than all, an organized band of robbers have seized upon all the highways over which the very means of our life must pass, and they levy merciless toll on everything we eat, everything we drink, everything we wear. The whisky and beer that make us sick, the physic which don't cure us, the coffin we are buried in, and on the tombstone that records our limited virtues. How are we to live, that's the question.

John McKean, the District Attorney, is dead; by no means a great man or a great lawyer, he was one of the most honest and incorruptible officials that New York ever had. A Democrat through and through, he passed through the red sea of violence, corruption and crime without a taint upon his character. Surrounded for years by the vilest and most debasing elements, he maintained a character, pure and unsullied, which stood his party in need in their most trying battles; when, to lead a forlorn hope, they chose him for their standard bearer. His death leaves a void which will not easily be filled. Good men will mourn the loss of an honest an incorruptible citizens, while theieves, gamblers and rogues generally rejoice that he who made his name a terror to the criminal classes can trouble them no more.

Yours truly, BROADBRIM.

AT MARION, Michigan, workmen were engaged in boring a well, and unexpectedly came to natural gas. While looking into the well, surprized at the discovery one, man lost his balance and fell in, the well being 96 feet deep. Another workman went to the rescue, but was overcome and both expired. Some of the neighboring farmers were instantly summoned, and when they reached the well they found it nearly full of water, boiling and rolling with the force of a torrent. The two bodies, locked in each other's embrace, were being violently thrown up and swallowed again as the water continued in commotion. Upon the removal of the bodies they were found to be parboiled by the hot water. Both men were married and each had several children. The wager seems to be in a semi-boiling condition.

THE Life Saving Service, under charge of the Government, is a great success. There are 194 stations. Last year there were 360 wrecks, and out of 3,792 persons, only 15 perished; and in a total valuation of property of seven millions, only one and one-half millions was lost.

LETTER FROM RICHMOND.

A Pen Picture of Bourbonism's Red-Handed Outrages.

The Disasterous Effects of Southern Terrorism, Together with a Brief Account of the Late Virginia Election.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

RICHMOND, VA., Nov. 22.

Having spent several years in different parts of the South since the war, and seeing this portion of our country seems determined of late to force themselves into public notice, I may be able to give you some points of interest.

When our brave soldiers were marching through the South, thousands of them resolved that when this cruel war was over, they would certainly make this or that pretty spot their future home. They did so, and settled down to quiet industry. In the mean time perhaps one out of a hundred of them would become a candidate for some office, the colored people being only too glad to have such a person represent them. The whole world knows what followed. These old soldiers were obliged to seek shelter in the caves and dens of the earth. Denounced as carpetbaggers they were murdered by wholesale, socially ostracised and in most cases fled for their lives, sacrificing all their possessions.

The poor colored people passed through such a reign of blood and terror as would put to the blush the racks and inquisitions of barbaric times. The years of reconstruction form the most damnable page of American history. It never has and never will be written. The very worst feature in the whole business was that the associated press South was in the hands of these red-handed devils, and these outrages were denounced by the very men who enacted them, and the word carpetbagger so long and unceasingly hummed into the ears of the Northern people, that even Republicans came to believe that he must be a bad man. I can understand now why the South comes up to our conventions and calls for Grant and a strong government. About one more campaign like the late one in Virginia and I would call for Grant and a company of soldiers in every court house in the State. We have had a repetition in this State of reconstruction days with some variations and improvements.

Mahone's settlement of the State debt being sanctioned by the courts and endorsed by the Bourbons themselves in their conventions, they were left without an issue with which to go before the people. A happy thought struck them. They would raise the cry that the debt being settled Mahone intended to deliver his party over to the Radicals and give the vote of the State to the Radical candidate for President in 1884. It was thought that this would scare the Democratic Readjusters away from Mahone. It did not succeed, for was not Capt. John S. Wise elected Congressman at large last fall and his toesin every where was, "We are for Arthur because Arthur is for us." Exasperated beyond measure at the thought of the State being placed in the Republican column for 1884—having exhausted the vials of their wrath in the most unparalled calumny and abuse of Mahone and all to no purpose—nothing was left them but to bring on a conflict of races.

The world knows the result. I need not recite over again the Danville massacre, or tell of the lying, inflammatory circulars that were distributed over the State in regard to uprising of the negroes, etc. The shot gun plan will succeed when all others fail. There is no doubt of that.

Total depravity marked the whole Bourbon policy and the fiends in hades could suggest nothing too diabolical for Bourbon expression and action. How any decent man can approve and applaud such means and appliances is matter for grievous astonishment. All reason, conscience, honor and morality should stand aghast at the horrid spectacle of butchery, lying and outrage by which the party of progress was defeated in Virginia.

If Mahone had received one tenth the sympathy from the great Northern press that he has received since, it would have been of more value to him in his hard battle for equal rights.

The poor colored people are in the depths of woe, for the public school was the great issue with them. The Bourbons have only lately ceased cursing the public schools openly, and that for the sake of policy. Up in God's country such language would sound strangely.

I could write a volume easier than I can write this column. I refer you and your intelligent readers to "Mahone's Manifesto." This able and exhaustive document carries the truth in every line of it. I especially commend it to those Republicans of Ohio who lost their senses in their late election and gave solid aid and comfort to the enemy, who frantic efforts to obtain control of the Nation they lately tried to destroy, I have just tried in my weak way to lay before you

SOUTHERN DRUMMER.

SERGEANT MASON spent Thanksgiving with "Betty and the baby." President Arthur pardoned him last Saturday, considering no doubt that the man has suffered enough for undertaking to punish the assassin Guiteau on his own responsibility. Mason's sentence was felt by most people to be terribly severe, and the confinement of two years and more which he has endured, has probably been sufficient to teach him and other emotional soldiers a needed lesson. The pardon will be popular; but it is to be hoped that there will be no effort now to make a hero of Mason.

Tariff Reform.

A great meeting was held in Cooper Institute, New York, last Thursday night, in the interest of Tariff Reform. Henry Ward Beecher was Chairman, and Henry Watterson, of the Louisville Courier Journal, was the orator of the evening. Several thousand people were present. Mr. Beecher on taking the chair said that while he was a Republican upon all the great principals that have heretofore been adopted by that party, and is still being advocated, upon the question of a protective tariff he was not one. He further says:

I would have the party reform the tariff and limit it to a revenue tariff simply. High tariff grinds the laboring man. About five hundred thousand out of the fifteen million workers for wages in this country are benefitted by a high protective tariff, and the other fourteen million and five hundred thousand laborers are oppressed for the benefit of the few by the indirect taxation which they must pay. The high tariff almost entirely releases wealth from taxation and lays most of the burden upon the laboring classes. If there is to be a tariff, no trade should be exempted from its burdens. If there are to be incidental advantages to any class from a tariff, all considerations of good government and Christian Statesmanship are in favor of inclining those advantages to the struggling classes. [Long applause.] I am profoundly opposed to a protective tariff because it is essentially selfish and un-Christian; and because I am profoundly in favor of that unity and common brotherhood which belong to us in common with all the other nations of the world. [Continued applause.]

The meeting was held under the auspices of the New York Free Trade club, and a resolution was adopted which demands in substance that internal revenue tax upon whisky and tobacco should be maintained and that Congress, soon to assemble, should reduce taxation as embodied in the present tariff laws.

Mr. Watterson spoke at length and compared high protection to slavery. "Indeed," said he, protection is but a new slavery which is being set "up in place of the old." He characterized the system as one of robbery, and against the many and in favor of the few, against the poor and in favor of the rich. He insisted that the cry that to meddle with the tariff was to injure the business of the country, was false, because it could not injure business to right a wrong. Protective tariff was in the interests of a few wealthy Pennsylvanians as against the many of the great West and South, and the people of these sections are prepared to correct it.

Said he:

We have heard the whine about our "infant industries" nearly a century. At this moment we have "infants", fifty, sixty and seventy years of age, still muling and puking in the nurse's arms—and, in every case, the older the infant the bigger the baby? Is it not time that an end should be put to such child's play? Is a great and powerful nation, a nation of half a hundred millions of freemen, a nation which has led the world in prowess, enterprise and invention, to be tied forever to grand-motherly apron-strings, and shut in by a never ending Chinese wall, misnamed "Protection?" Are stupid pleas for "infant industries" which have been suckled by the Government time out of mind, and stupider cant about the laboring classes, and yet stupider drivel about the "business of the country," to deter us from looking over the books and overhauling the accounts and taking stock of our taxes, as it were? It is for the enlightened and the patriotic among our public men to defeat this scheme for setting the clock back, by a command, which cannot be denied, for live issues. This measure will plant itself upon the constitutional principle that taxes are meant exclusively for revenue, and that, when the Government has got its revenue, the tax shall stop.

THE AGE is not of that number that believes in the ideas of the ultra free trader like Frank Hurd, for instance neither does it believe in the opposite extreme as advocated by Wm. D. Kielley, of Pennsylvania; but we do believe that the proper course to pursue is to gradually work toward a greater freedom of trade. The laws of business demand it, because the present system is out of a natural channel, and as fast the condition of the country admits of it just that fast must it be adopted.

It is useless, however, to talk about free trade at present, with the immense demands for revenue to liquidate pension claims and to care for the national debt. So long as they are to be provided for, so long will there be sufficient protection to capitalists, and laboring interests.

The cry, set up by many, that the laborers of the country would be compelled to compete with the pauper labor of Europe, is an appeal to prejudice and not to reason, and approaches very near to demagogy.

The drift is plainly towards revenue reform; the last Congress made some decided steps, and other Congresses will pursue the same course. There can be no step backward, and in no case should the tax be increased.

An Army Destroyed by the False Prophet.

A great battle occurred between the forces of Hicks Pasha and the False Prophet in the Soudan, on the 5th of November, and the army of Hicks Pasha was nearly totally annihilated. The latter's forces were about ten thousand strong, and it is said the forces of El Mahdi, or the False Prophet numbered two hundred thousand. Only one European, with Hicks' army, escaped.

For a correct understanding of the troubles in the East, a brief historical synopsis is necessary, and this we condense from a full page account in the New York Herald:

"Five years ago the Arab Chief now known as El Mahdi, who was a petty prince of one of the tribes below Kordofan, withdrew himself from his followers and became a hermit, thus seeking to involve his very existence in mystery. This proceeding at once increased his fame. From Zaouia to Zaouia of the Senoussia, and consequently from Mecca to Morocco, the attention of the faithful was assiduously called to the following prophecy:

'On the 1st of the month of Moharrem, in the year 1300 (Nov. 12, 1882) will appear El Mahdi or Messiah. He will be exactly forty years of age, and of noble bearing. One arm will be longer than the other. His father's name will be Mohammed and his mother's name Fatima, and he will be hidden for a time prior to his manifestation.'

El Mahdi's father was the founder of a sect of semi-religious fraternities which seem destined to cover the whole of North Africa with a web of Moslem Freemasonry. His name was Mohammed, and persons who have seen the younger, remember that his right hand reached as far as his knee, thus fulfilling all the requirements of the prophecy."

El Mahdi came forth from his retirement, stationed himself on an island, in the White Nile, and declared himself as the successor of Mohammed. Followers in great numbers gathered around him, and an outbreak occurred first August 12, 1881, and the Egyptian troops who were sent to quell him, were defeated and lost 120 men. Numerous attempts hace been made since then to arrest the False Prophet, but on every occasion failure has been the result; and finally in 1882 a serious effort was made and a force of 4,400 men sent against him, but the False Prophet was again victorious and the Egyptians lost 3,600 men, and all their arms. The present expedition against the False Prophet went out last January.

The trouble is based almost wholly upon religion, and the terribleness of the conflict bids fair to excel anything in the loss of life, that has ever occurred in religious warfare.

With the forces of Hicks Pasha so disastrously defeated, there is nothing to prevent the False Prophet and his followers sweeping the country before them and capturing Cairo.

The news from the far East will be watched with much interest, and readers of THE AGE will be kept informed of all important event.

War in the East

War has finally commenced between France and China. The cable brings news that a French garrison in Tonquin has been attacked by Chinese troops, and while the loss of life is small and the engagement to this extent unimportant, it is a formal declaration of war, and gives evidence that the difficulty can only be settled by force of arms.

The garrison was aided by a gunboat and succeeded in maintaining its position for seven hours, when the attacking force, represented to be 3,000 strong, was compelled to retreat. The scene of hostilities was Hai Dzuong, a river town, between Bac-Ninh and the coast. The citadel, with 150 cannon, was taken by assault when the French received their first detachments of reinforcements last August. The point is not one of great importance, however.

The outbreak of hostilities between China and France will be attended by the most serious consequences to the commerce of the world, as well as to the nations themselves. London, New York and San Francisco are the great centres of the China trade, and a blockade of the seaboard by the French fleet will immediately interrupt communications between the East and the West.

In times of excitement like the present, European and American citizens of China are subject to great peril from attacks by the mob; American citizens having been attacked in Canton not long ago by a mob, which had become infuriated by the French policy of aggression. As for the combatants themselves, the struggle is one from which each has reason to shrink. France will enter upon a most arduous and costly campaign with an army of 16,000, where 40,000 are needed. Some of the Radical deputies have already predicted that the Republic will find its Mexico in Tonquin. It may be so. The Chinese are not a warlike people, but their military qualities are not to be despised. With capable leaders they are sometimes the most desperate of soldiers. If it be nothing else, the Celestial Empire is a hive of population from which inert and feeble armies can be recruited indefinitely. On the other hand, its populousness and coast extent are sources of weakness at all times, and especially in a war with Europeans.

Four Persons Murdered.

At Barton, a small town in Michigan, a horrible crime was committed last Thursday. Jacob D. Crouch, a wealthy farmer living in the place, was found dead in his bed that morning. A farm hand who was out all night, made the discovery when he returned. A search of the house revealed the fact that Mrs. Enniel White, the old man's daughter, his son-in-law, Henry White, and a cattle drover, Moses Palley, had also been murdered. The bodies were all found in bed perforated with bullets. There was not the slightest sign of a struggle about the premises, and the household valuables were untouched. Palley was an eastern stock buyer, and had in his possession a large sum of money. Crouch had an extensive sheep ranche in Texas, and had just received $50,000 from sales. It is presumed some one followed him from Texas and committed the deed.

ANOTHER HORRIBLE AFFAIR.

A shocking trip'e tragedy occurred at Laconia, N. H., last Sunday morning. At an early hour that morning an alarm of fire was given, and upon repairing to the house of James Ruddy, an Irishman, Mrs. Ruddy was found on the outside of the building, terribly cut and burned, and on the inside Ruddy and his child were found dead, and also the dead body of the wife of a man named Ford, who had been murdered by Thomas Samon, an Englishman.

The evidence is that Samon had murdered Mrs. Ford, placed her body in a trunk and taken it to the residence of Ruddy, and asked the latter to assist in disposing of it. Ruddy refused, and Samon attacked him with a hatchet and killed him To conceal his crime he killed the child and supposed he had also murdered Mrs. Ruddy, but the wounds were not fatal and she escaped through a window. After committing the deed Samon covered the bodies with a feather bed and straw, saturated them with carbon oil and set them on fire. Mrs. Ford was in the habit of becoming intoxicated, and it is supposed she was murdered while on a spree with Samon. Samon has been arrested and jailed, but pleads innocence, and attempts to fasten the guilt upon Ford, the husband of the murdered woman.

State Institutions and Departments—Reports

THE fourteenth annual report of the Directors of the Soldiers, and Sailors' Orphan's Home is ready to be submitted to the Governor, and shows that there are 681 inmates, the nominal capacity being 680. Of the 681 present, 135 are full orphans; 95 have fathers only living; 368 mothers only living, and 83 have both parents living; 442 of those present are boys, 239 are girls; 371 boys and 221 girls were born in Ohio; 72 boys and 15 girls were born in other States; 800 received benefits during the year; and the average age is 11 4-5 years. An appropriation of $20,000 is asked for.

TREASURER of State Turney has submitted his report which shows that at the beginning of the year there was in the treasury a balance of $640,176.93. The receipts during the year from the various sources were $5,620,413.78, which makes a total of $6,260,590.71. The disbursements were as follows: From general revenue fund, $2,738,231.27; sinking fund, $1,102,903.17; common school fund, $1,633,981.50—or a total expenditure of $5,475,115.94.

THE report of the Athens Insane Asylum shows that there were 109 males and 107 females admitted during the year, the daily average being 626 for treatment, 302 males and 324 females; 53 males and 45 females recovered; 24 males and 19 females died. The total expense to tax payers was $94,336.37, against $103,936.30 last year, and the per capita cost $158.84, the lowest ever known. An appropriation of $126,100 is asked.

THE Columbus Insane Asylum annual report summarized is as follows: At beginning of year there were 875 inmates—409 males and 466 females. 161 males and 143 females were admitted. 71 males and 76 females recovered. 31 males and 33 females died. The total expenses for the year were $189,393.79. An appropriation of $183,879.12 is asked for.

DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM.—The whole number of pupils enrolled is 410—223 boys and 187 girls. All the counties are represented but two—Adams and Carroll. Two pupils died during the year. There are 2,301 deaf mutes in the state, 550 of whom are between the ages of five and twenty, and uneducated. The total expense for the year was $85,171.85.

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.

CALIFORNIA has 1,000 000 inhabitants, but only 900 churches.

A LARGE delegation of manufacturers and commercial men of Australia are making arrangements to visit this country next spring.

IT is now in order for Bismarck to take off his hat and apologize to our hog. The recent deaths from trichinosis in Saxony resulted from German pork.

THE Corean Embassy is without money, and is so far from home that its credit is not good. Its members are not the first who have found travelling unexpectedly expensive.

THE rains of last week were general and in the west the floods were disastrous in their results. In Indiana, Southern Illinois and Missouri, much property was destroyed and several lives lost.

SCARCELY more than 50 per cent. of the population of Chicago was born in the United States, and no less than 94,000 of the present inhabitants of that city have poured in from the various States of the German Empire.

BLACK BART has robbed more than a score of stages in California single handed. He had a habit of writing doggerel verses and pinning them to rifled express boxes. The rewards offered for his capture amounted to nearly $15,000, and a stray bit of his versification finally betrayed him.

FIVE hundred and and fifty thousand dollars has been raised to relieve the sufferers from the earthquake at Cassamicciola. One of the singular facts in connection with the great disaster is a spot surrounded by the ruins, covering a space of 300 meters square, which escaped untouched, and every building and ornament is intact.

THE last work of the season on the Washington monument was done Saturday, and for the rest of the winter the structure will remain at its present height of 410 feet. When work ceased last fall the monument was 340 feet high, making 70 feet as the result of this year's labors. One hundred and forty feet more will be added before the monument is finished.

IT HAS been so prosperous a year in Bengal that the number of coolie emigrants who left was fewer by 3,600 than those of last year. The northwest provinces and Oude, where the struggle for existence is the hardest in India, supply the greater portion of emigrating coolies. Those who returned last year brought back on an average $100 apiece.

LANCASTER, Ohio, is excited over the fatal termination of a quarrel on Thursday last between George B. Willock and Lew Richwine, a hackman. Willock being insulted by the hackman, knocked him down, his head striking on the curb stone with such force as to fracture the skull. Of this wound Richwine died, and Willock has been arrested on charge of murder.

THE hoodlums of Bridgeport, Conn, are manifesting a lively interest in the Salvation Army. This they do, not by reverently attending the meetings, nor yet by gracefully accepting the Gospel as preached by the Salvationists. They gather in crowds and follow the procession of the Army, howling and shouting as they march through the streets, and raising a terrible racket. The Salvationists bear all this worriment with great meekness, counting it as "persecution for righteousness' sake." The municipal authorities refuse to furnish police protection.

CHARLES FORUM and Bertha Engelstaler came from Germany to Pittsburgh eleven weeks ago. They were betrothed. Charles went to Chicago and obtained employment and Bertha went out to service in a family in the smoky city. Letters were regularly exchanged, until Bertha took sick with typhoid fever and was taken to the hospital Then the letters stopped. Charles returned to Pittsburgh to find that she had died the morning of the day he arrived. He went to her funeral, and while her body was being lowered into the tomb, shot himself through the brain.

NEAR Gage Station, New Mexico, cow boys, seven in number, in the sweet halo of a setting sun, threw an express train from the track, robbed the express messenger and passengers and never fired a shot. Surely, if the passengers were at all numerous and of the usual bravery they ought to have given these fellows a warm reception. They seem to have been quite submissive throughout, however, for even after the robbery was committed the robbers lingered around the wreck until after night. Aside from the losses of the passengers and the death of the engineer, the affair is unfortunate. It cost the cow boys so little trouble that they will be apt to try it again some time.

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The Coshocton Age

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This paper will not be sent to subscribers outside of the county unless paid for in advance.

CARSON LAKE sued the Akron Beacon for $10,000 damages for publishing him as a "liar and a blackguard," and the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and awarded the damages at five cents.

THE Cleveland Daily Herald has reduced its price to 3 cents per copy, or 15 cents per week. The Herald is one of the best dailies in Ohio, and this step will no doubt cause it to leap into greater popularity.

IN ANOTHER part of this issue of THE AGE appears the prospectus of the New York Tribune. As the foremost Republican paper of the United States, it is well calculated to fill the wants of all classes. If you want a city paper, you can secure none that will give you as much satisfaction as the Tribune.

A KENTUCKY crank, sixty years of age, appeared in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, at New York, Monday, hunted through all the corridors, and peered into the faces of the many strangers and prominent men present. When invited to leave, by the hotel dutective, he drew himself up with great dignity and said: "I am a Colonel from Kentucky, and I have made this trip East for the express purpose of shooting President Arthur!" He then jumped into a cab and was driven away. Great excitement prevailed, and the President was guarded by friends throughout the remainder of the day, but against his wishes.

THE Moslems, or believers in the Mohammedan religion, of Africa are estimated to number 110,000,000. Moslems in Africa, Asia and Europe number 230,000,000. The population of China is more than 300,000,000, the greater portion of whom are Buddhists. If, to be saved from eternal punishment, it is necessary for all members of the human race to embrace the orthodox Christian religion, there appears to be evidence of an abundance of fuel for the feeding of the fires of hades, for many years, yes, ages, to come; and those who delight to dwell upon the torments of the damned, need not worry for fear the fires of eternal torture will become extinguished because of a lack of replenishment. There is no present prospect of a famine in this respect.

ON PAGE 2 we this week publish a letter from Richmond, Va., written by a gentleman well known to many readers of THE AGE, and a personal friend of the editor. For good and sufficient reason the name of the writer is withheld; but the facts there in related can be relied upon. It tells in terse and emphatic way the true history of Southern terrorism, and should be an incentive to Republicans to put forth renewed and zealous work for the supremacy of the party of progress: It is evident that the Bourbons of the South have determined that that section shall remain solid for the Democracy; and while such evidence of a cultivation of sectionalism is to be regretted, the people of the North can not do otherwise than meet them on ground of their own choosing.

DR. A. M. DENT writes from Coshocton to the Banner of Light, a Boston Spiritualist paper, to say that the Spiritualists of the State voted against the Republican party at the recent election, because of the Russel law, and thus effected its defeat. He says it is extremely desirable that the coming Legislature shall be overwhelmed with petitions for the repeal of this law, by Spiritualists from all over the country; and suggests that petitions be sent to him, to be in turn presented to Hon. G. H. Bargar.

There is no doubt that the views entertained by the Doctor are in conformity with those entertained by Spiritualists at large, and the bill, so far as it applies to them, should be repealed. The intention of the framers of the law was to suppress frauds who pose as mediums, fortune tellers, etc.; but the trouble is, it strikes at those who look upon mediums in the same light as religious denominations look upon their ministers, and this conflicts with the recognized religious freedom of American citizens. The feature of the law to which Spiritualists object is pernicious and should be promptly repealed upon the assembling of the Legislature.

Some Thoughts on the Proposed Railroad.

It will soon be a year since a special edition of THE AGE was issued, in which Coshocton's natural facilities for manufacturing were enumerated and expanded upon, among which are coal, water power and all necessary raw material for the successful prosecution of several branches of manufacturing. In that issue we said that the present shipping facilities, consisting of the Pan Handle and the then soon to be completed Connotton Valley, were good, and the prospects for still better were flattering in the building of the Mt. Vernon, Coshocton and Wheeling Railway, which would give us an east and west line through a section of country badly in need of a road, and in competition with the Pan Handle.

At that time the interest shown by Coshocton people justified the conclusion that at some time in the near future the road would be built. We are still of that opinion, because the requirements of the county demand it; but there appears to be a spirit of apathy over the people that bodes evil to business enterprises, and should be at once overcome. Coshocton is a flourishing county seat—more so than the average. Its business men are full of push and vim, and the various branches of merchandise are managed on an equality with many cities, In fact there are stores in Coshocton that are not excelled in the second-class cities of Ohio. This speaks well for n ot only the business men, but for the people at large, because the intelligent business man does not invest his money in a community that does not appreciate his efforts to make the town where he may be located, better, and more prosperous.

But to maintain the spirit of improvement, or enterprise—that is, to keep up the ratio of progress, as has been developed in the past few years, we must have more railroads. There is but one route to be pursued—but one line to be builded upon that stands in need of the road, and that is the one we are considering. All along the proposed line the people are awakening to the necessity of building the road, and Coshocton people should be up and doing. But little effort has so far been made. The subscriptions made are comparatively light. No organized effort has been put forth, and while the people all say it is a good project—would like to see it built, they have not been approached in the right way. One man says, "I want to see it built, but I can not donate."

Another says, "I want to see it built, but I can't give more than a certain number of dollars, but there is A or B, they can give thousands where I can give tens."

To all such we want to say, you can do better than you at first believe. The first man can manage to donate a goodly sum, and the second can double what he now believes he can give, because it will be a good investment—bread cast upon the waters, and will not only benefit him, but his children and his children's children.

We have noticed that all along the line an active interest is being demonstrated, and to stimulate the people to renewed effort we want to point out a few instances.

We have before us a paper furnished by Col. E. J. Pocock, published at Bluffton, Indiana, which contains a long account of a railroad meeting at that place, to consider the proposed line.

Mr. O. F. Wilson, an uncle of Col. Pocock, was here at the county fair, spent some weeks in the county, and heard the proposed road talked of. He went home, told the people of his town of the splended chance to secure a line, told them of the grand country through which it would pass, of the immense coal fields it would tap, and of the advantages to be derived from a competing line east. A meeting was called and the people turned out enthusiastically.

The report in the Times says:

"The advantages offered by the building of the road by way of Bluffton were thoroughly discussed, and not a dissenting voice was found among those assembled, but all were equally awake to the interest and welfare of the city as well as their own, and with one voice were in favor of going to work immediately, canvassing the route so far as this and adjoining counties are concerned, and let no stone be unturned until the voice of the whole people is given on the matter, and to further accomplish this, a committee" was appointed to correspond with citizens along the line and solicit right of way, etc.

"From Wheeling the road runs on a direct line through Coshocton, Mt. Vernon to Wapakoneta in Ohio; thence to Bluffton, Peru and Logansport, Indiana, connecting with the P. C. & St. L. to St. Louis and Chicago."

The report further says, "that the road will be built there is no doubt."

In this we believe it is correct, but that it will reach Coshocton, there is a doubt, and a serious one. The line is one over which a road must be built, because the business of the country demands it, but it does not follow that it must go by way of Coshocton. Railroads are builded these days to those towns that express a desire for them by contributing to their aid; and if Coshocton does not do this, another route, that is more direct, can, and no doubt will, be adopted. If, however, the people out in Indiana are so anxious to reach us with a railroad that they may profit from our coal fields and other natural advantages, how much greater should be the desire of our people to aid in the enterprise.

At Wheeling they are just as anxious to get the road through, and even Steubenville has an eye upon the line, at once recognizing the great importance of the same. The Steubenville Herald, speaking of it says it would be a desirable road to obtain, and calls upon the people to make an effort so to do. It says:

"No location has been made from Coshocton east, and it is suggested that a good line might be found via Little McIntyre Creek to Mingo, from whence Steubenville could be reached up the river or via tunnel. It is about twenty miles to the head waters of McIntyre, and the matter is worthy of careful examination. Suppose the Wheeling & Lake Erie Railroad should finally be constructed, the Mt. Vernon road would cross it near the summit of Short Creek and Little Stillwater, and occupy a line once surveyed for the Steubenville & Indiana Railroad: This would give direct rail communication with both roads, which will probably be built sooner or later. The route of the Mt. V., C. & W. is almost due east from Marion to the Ohio river at Portland, and the formation of the country is of such a character that practical freight roads can only be built along the main water courses. There are but two streams of any size in Eastern Ohio with a railroad already in their valleys, and those are Short Creek and Little McIntyre. On the former the W. & L. E. holds the franchise and right of way. There will soon be one additional east and west road across the State, and the coal fields of Jefferson county ought to exercise an important influence in drawing it in this direction, to say nothing of our rapidly growing manufacturing interests. The Mt. Vernon road crosses twenty-three other lines in its course across the State, and favorable shipping terms could doubtless be made with some of these. That a connection could be made with one or both of these proposed lines without exertion is not probable, but with exertion it is at least possible. A connection with the C., Y. & P. road in one direction and either or both of these lines in another, would give Steubenville a marked increase of railroad facilities, which could not fail to tell very decidedly upon her future business prosperity."

Can the people of Coshocton hesitate longer?

Let organized effort be made at once, and before the green leaves appear again the road can be placed under contract.

Evacuation Day.

One hundred years ago last Sunday, November 25, the British evacuated New York, and the peace that had been declared, and the independence of the American colonies that had been established was more secure, from the fact that the most important point of the sea board had been formally surrendered to the American forces, and was wholly and truly under the American flag.

The centennial of the event, falling on Sunday, New York citizens appropriately celebrated the event on Monday, and notwithstanding the fact that the day was ushered in with a dismal and dreary fog and mist, succeeded later by a pitiless rain, the program, elaborate in the extreme, was carried out; and the civil and military parade was so great that it required four hours to pass a given point, and the naval display was most impressive, being miles in length.

President Arthur and Cabinet, and Governors of twelve of the thirteen original States participated in the ceremonies, and George William Curtis was orator of the day.

Later in the day a magnificent statute of Washington was unveiled on the steps of the United States Sub-Treasury, in front of which Washington, as first President, took the oath of office.

The statue is in bronze, fifteen feet high, and is from a model made by J. Q. A. Ward.

The centennial of this event, while peculiarly of interest to citizens of New York, is of great historical significance, and therefore of interest to all loyal Americans. It is true it does not represent the final and complete triumph of the American cause, because Lord Cornwallis had surrendered on the 19th of October, 1781—more than two years previous, and this was the great act that declared to the world that the cause of the Americans must prevail; the true protocol of peace had been agreed to by the end of 1782; the formal cessation of hostilities had been ordered by Congress in April, 1783; a definitive treaty had been signed on the 3rd of September; even the remnants of the Continental army that had not already gone back to the farm and the workshop had been disbanded on the 3rd of November. This evacuation was, then a mere formality, so far as the establishment of peace was concerned; but so long as British soldiers held American soil—and a point of so vital importance as New York, the security of the position of the Americans was not so strong, and the evacuation became of much significance.

The condition of the two armies were antipodal in their appearance; but the spirit of patriotism which had actuated the Americans outshone the brilliant uniforms of the British.

Washington Irving, in his Life of Washington, quotes a lady as saying of the evacuation:

"We had been accustomed for a long time to military display in all the finish and finery of garrison life; the troops just leaving us were as if equipped for show, and with their scarlet uniforms and burnished arms, made a brilliant display; the troops that marched in, on the contrary, were ill clad and weather beaten, and made forlorn appearance; but then they were *our* troops, and as I looked at them and thought upon all they had done and suffered for us, my heart and my eyes were full, and I admired and gloried in them the more because they were weather-beaten and forlorn."

Irving says that the city was then a scene of festivity and rejoicing, and banquets were given, and the people devoted themselves to giving praise for the complete and final overthrow of the British, and the permanent establishment of American liberty.

It is fitting, therefore, that this one hundredeth anniversary be celebrated not only by New Yorkers, but by all true Americans, and that both young and old read again the history of this trying time, and vow anew in their loyal hearts, increased respect for the flag of the fathers.

A WRITER in the New York Sun makes some rather sensible suggestions upon the temperance question and taxation. He suggests that as the receipts from custom duties will be sufficient to bear the burdens of the general government, that the internal revenue laws be repealed and the taxation of liquors and tobaccos be left to the several States. The general government does not need the money, and the States do. At present they are of no benefit as a temperance measure, for, says he, never in the history of the country has intemperance so increased as since these taxes have been imposed. Never before have cigar shops and tobacco smoke so abounded. The tax does not lessen the number or improve the character of grog shops. If drinks cost something more, so much more is abstracted from what should feed and clothe the families of the drinkers.

Let these taxes be left to the States and well-framed laws might make them a relief from oppressive taxation in other forms, and at the same time throw around the business on which they are imposed restraints, which would greatly lessen the evils growing out of it.

ONE Cambridge saloonist was indicted 39 times for violation of the Scott law, by the recent Grand Jury.

Wrapping Paper Trade Depressed—Put up the Tariff(!)

Fifty wrapping paper mills in Ohio, Indiana and Pennsylvania are making arrangements to shut down for a period of nine weeks, or perhaps longer, because of an overstocked market. The high protective tariff is such on all the materials used in the manufacture of the paper, except straw, that they are shut out from selling their goods abroad, and the home market being more than supplied, of necessity they must shut down.

Won't some crank arise and demand that the tariff be raised? There would be fully as much reason in it as the cry set up by the Democrats regarding the tariff on wool during the recent campaign in this State.

A FEW weeks ago, A. B. Johnson, of Utica, N. Y., a rather prominent citizen committed suicide. It now transpires that he was a defaulter of $300,000 of funds belonging to his sister from her husband's estate, which he was managing for her. Johnson was prominent in business circles, but he was a drunkard and a libertine, and to these moral transgressions he added the greater crime of being a thief and finally shuffled off this mortal coil by taking his own life.

NEW MEXICO and Texas are destined to be the great wool producing sections, because of the cheapness of production, and no tariff law can be framed that will protect Ohio wool growers from the competition there to be met.

S. T. and S. J. T.

Sojourner Truth is dead at the age of one hundred and ten years. Born of black parents, a slave, her lot in life was a hard one, but the spirit of the Master took possession of her and the soul of black Sojourner was bathed in the "blood of the lamb" and washed "whiter than snow." She believed herself to be far past 100 years of age, and a tradition exists that she nursed Washington when a puling and puking infant, but this is not well established.

She became famous as a christian and occupied the lecture platform. Between her and another famous national character, whose initials do not greatly differ from her own, the New York Herald says "there is a notable point of contrast, for her age increased as she grew older, whereas he, according to his political friends, seems to drop years in some mysterious way as time rolls on. Still, there is no knowing but Sojourner might have grown backward into a blooming damsel had she been a perpetual candidate for the Presidency."

WAR between China and France, and the raid of the False Prophet in Egypt may involve other European nations in trouble and lead to terrible and devastating war. The news from Europe and the far East will be of more than ordinary importance for the next few weeks. If general war, or if war at all, shall occur, there will be temporary benefit accrue to American farmers and business interests, but the white wing of peace hovering o'er the wide world is more preferable.

THE Ohio Legislature last winter passed a law which makes it obligatory upon each county in the State to provide homes for indigent children outside of the County Infirmary. The law takes effect January 1, and is a good one. This will bring up the question of the propriety of building a children's home in this and many other counties of the State.

Letter from Missouri.

CAMERON, MISSOURI, Nov. 22.

FRIEND MEEK:—To-day finds us in Cameron after a hasty visit to our old friends, J. P. Benjamin, Joseph Ferrel, *et al.* We found J. E. Ferrel at station ready to receive us at 7:40 P. M. As it was too dark to travel, and J. P. and Joe lived several miles from town, we were taken to the Fremont House, [which by the way is a splendid place to stop, everything O K.] In the morning the friendly face of J. P. Benjamin greeted us with conveyance to take us to his house. Found all well. Their home was as it used to be in Avondale—pleasant and joyful with plenty to satisfy the appetite, etc. John has 120 acres of good land, 84 sheep of long wool, Missouri kind, 3 cows, team, wagon, etc. After spending the day and night with them, John and lady took us to Joe F's. We found him as of yore, full of energy, and more nerve and bone than flesh. Mrs. F, was well and pretty well satisfied but looked back to the home of her youth with delight. They have everything comfortable, a good piece of land, and cattle, sheep, hogs, a good team and wagon and express. Mrs. Ferrel got up a sumptuous dinner of which we partook to such an extent that we refused to have any supper. It rained so hard we could not go to see Mr. A. Ford, but learned they were doing well, and had a good place. In the evening Mr. F. took us to Cameron, and we learned from the R. R. agent that we would have to stay in Kansas City all night. We preferred to stay in town over night and go through in the day time to Cherry Vale, Kansas, thence to Neodisha, at which place our sister and brother-in-law lives, and Mr. M. Kimball and a host of other relatives.

Now, Mr. Editor, from the years of Kansas troubles I have had a very great dislike to Missouri, but I must confess that I am much pleased with this part of the country; north-west Missouri, Caldwell county and the three other counties which corner here is splendid good rolling land; soil one to four feet deep, black and rich, with but little hardpan or gumbo. One-fourth of the native land was timber, not of the best but it is better than none; one drawback is that it is not a wheat country.

This town has two Methodist churches, one Episcopalian, one Congregational, one Baptist, one Catholic, one Christian, and some others. The stores were as large as any in your town and seemed to be doing a large business. This town is situated at the junction of the Hanibal & St. Joe and the Rock Island R. R., 62 miles east of Kansas City. Through this country the James Boys used to hold forth; I found it was not strange that Frank James was cleared at his trial in the country north east of this, as there was probably three-fourths of the jury were friends, or afraid of his friends. By the way the one-armed man of Newcomerstown was caged here Friday last. The darkies had been trying to raise money to build a church and put all the money in jugs and had collected considerable, and had a festival; was going to break the jugs and count the money, when the one-armed man and two other men got up a fight to create a panic, when they expected to get away with the money, but the darkies did not scare. Then they commenced to shoot, (that is the trio), and shot several rounds, not trying to shoot any one, only to raise a commotion so as to get away with the money, but at this juncture the marshal became an actor in the melee with good results.

Missouri is awake on the liquor question. High license seems to be doing well here. One-third of the population in this town and county is said, by the business men, to be from Ohio.

As I fear I shall weary you, I close.

F. W. P.

LETTER FROM COLUMBUS

Farrand's Gossipy Digest of Important Affairs at the State Capital.

The Round of the State Institutions—A Miser's Money—The Matthew Russell Bequest—Eleven Hundred People Under One Roof—The Other Asylums—Political Points.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Nov., 27th, '83.—Many years ago one Matthew Russell lived near Steubenville, where he settled and became wealthy, leading a rugged and miserly existence until his death in 1878 at an advanced age; he he kept piling up his hoard, denied himself many agreeable things—starving himself in this life and dwarfing his soul for pleasure in the next. But he had a comparatively level head, for on his death he left his entire property to the State of Ohio to be divided between the Central Insane Asylum and the Institute for the deaf and dumb; he left no direct descendants, and only some distant relatives who, as a matter of course, decided to break the will. The suit was compromised, the State accepting $16,000 for each asylum, and the heirs got the remainder.

At the insane asylum the dead Russell's ducats have been very appropriately applied. The testator builded wiser than he knew in leaving his money to so worthy an object. His bequest will cheer many upon whom the heavy hand of affliction has rested. It is very singular, however, that the money hoarded so carefully has been expended by the guardians of the insane in articles of luxury and recreation which the testator denied himself during his life. But this is only another instance of the irony of fate—the subtle iconoclasm of destiny. From such a use of his money he would have shrunk, considering it worse than throwing it away; but we will leave it to the reader's judgment whether it has not been worthily invested.

The trustees of the fund have built, out of it, a conservatory for plants and flowers, have purchased pianos, music boxes and handsome engravings—articles very pleasing to the senses but pure extravagances and luxuries to such men as Russell. The conservatory has cost $11,000, and is one of the finest buildings of the kind in the State. Of the balance of the fund, $2,500 has been devoted to the purchase of engravings to be placed on the walls of the wards; about as much more has been devoted to the purchase of six pianos, seven large music boxes, and $1,500 for plants to stock the conservatory, which leaves a small balance unexpended.

The conservatory is divided into five compartments, of tasteful design, and well worthy of the inspection of visitors. It has a cold room for plants that will not endure great heat, like azaleas and rhodendrons; next is the rose room, then the central house filled with palms, and orange tree bearing fruit, a small specimen of the great red-wood trees of California; next is the palmetto department, still warmer, and last comes the fernery; here may be found orchids growing entirely in mid air, suspended and drawing their sustenance solely from the surrounding air, beside South American pitcher plants and other strange specimens. There 1,700 plants in all, collected by Dr. Rutter, mostly by purchase, but in some instances the gift of the United States Government from the botanical gardens at Washington. The place will furnish light and agreeable employment for the patients in caring for them.

DR. RUTTER'S ADMINISTRATION.

Dr. Rutter leaves this week for Cleveland where he will take charge of a new sanitarium. His administration of the Central Asylum as Superintendent has been eminently successful and he leaves the asylum in the best order and splendidly organized. He has been connected with three of the most successful organizations of the kind in the State, for a period of about thirteen years; and the fact that he leaves to take charge of a private asylum is a weighty argument against the folly of turning the best specialists we have out of the State institutions every time the political wheel revolves. In this case there has been no re-organization, it is true, but the constant liability to change leaves the Doctor the alternative of choosing the control of a private asylum in preference to a public one, and is a sufficient inducement for him to choose it, even if there is to be no overturning of the State institutions this winter.

Dr. and Mrs. Potter, the new incumbents for the positions of superintendent and matron, assumed the duties of their respective positions, Thursday evening. The transfer was made without any formal proceedings as the retiring superintendent had previously received and entertained the new incumbents and had inducted them into the duties of the offices. The example of the retiring superintendent had its effect on the employes, without an exception. So far as can be learned the feeling toward the new superintendent on the part of the employes is one of respect and esteem.

The early part of the evening was spent in the superintendent's office, listening to the new music boxes, and in social confabulations. Later in the evening, from the stage in the amusement hall, the retiring superintendent was presented with a very elegant gold hunting-case watch, and Mrs. Rutter received a handsome solitaire diamond ring; these presents were made by the employes and Dr. Potter made the presentation speeches in a happy manner. Grandma Rutter, the mother of Dr. Rutter, and a great favorite in the female wards, was not forgotten, as she received an easy chair from the employes. Her personal attention to the patients in the female wards has led them to become deeply attached to them, and many of them shed tears.

A few facts in this connection about the Central Insane Asylum may not be without interest to your readers. The total appropriation to the asylum this year was $168,000, leaving a comfortable balance still on hand; there has been but two instances in which the appropriations held out to the end of the fiscal year. There are about 1,100 people under the roof now, including officers and employes; the death rate among patients the past year has been one-third less than last year, which speaks well for the care taken of them.

Four barrels of flour are baked into bread each day; 16,000 pounds of fresh meat are used each month, besides 2,000 pounds of fish, 2,000 pounds of corned beef and smaller quantities of ham &c. Later in the season about 200 gallons of oysters are used each week, taking the place of other meats. Groceries are purchased by contract every three months. Coal is procured at $1.65 per ton. Much of the ground has been graded and sodded the past year; about 1,200 bushels of wheat were raised last year, enough potatoes to supply half the wants of the entire Asylum, and the usual variety of vegetables.

People who have carefully read the late reports of the Asylums for the insane, have observed that mechanical restraint has been greatly reduced. Dr. Gundry was the first to institute this reform. His assistants at that time, Drs. Rutter, Tobey and Richardson, are among the superintendents of the present day who have also given it a fair trial. The total seclusion at the Athens Asylum during the past year has amounted to a daily average of a little less than eight hours, or one person for one-third of the time. This is a great improvement over the old system of locking these unfortunate people in rooms, binding them hand and foot, and even beating them in alleged self-defense. The spectacle of a young insane attorney tied from head to foot while in charge of two officers enroute to the Athens Asylum, recently, is a fair specimen of the old method of mechanical restraint. At the Athens depot the man was tied to a post. Upon reaching the Asylum he was liberated, and, with other patients, now walks out daily to enjoy nature, and has made no effort to escape.

THE OTHER INSTITUTIONS.

The monthly meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum was held the past week and the usual routine of busines was transacted; the annual report was adopted and submitted to the Governor. They heartily endorse the management of the Asylum by the now superintendent, Prof. Pratt. The annual report of the Trustees of the Institution for imbeciles is not made as yet, as the Superintendent has been to much occupied in looking after the new structure, that his report is in very incomplete shape, but will probably be submitted the first week in December.

"Uncle Joe" Turney, the State Treasurer, has filed his annual report and has made a very profound salaam in taking leave of his office, and he also gives a touching farwell to his official family at the close of his report.

It has been remarked by some of the country newspapers that the report of the Directors of the Ohio Penitentiary contained an argument against the convict contract system. The fact is however, that the report did not say a word pro or con, from some cause, though the opportunity was ripe and worth the picking. Warden Thomas, however, had the courage to express his convictions, and openly oppose the abolition of the system unless something practicable took its place.

POLITICAL POINTS.

As the time approaches for the meeting of the General Assembly and the election of a successor to Pendleton the air is full of rumors, of schemes and combinations in the interest of rival candidates for the high office. The first is a report telegraphed from this city to the effect that Governor Foster had entered into a scheme to defeat Pendleton through a bargain with Democratic members of the Assembly, by which their friends are being given places on the official roster of the state institutions. This story probably had its origin in the fact that all the appointments made by the Governor to recent vacancies in these Institutions have been of Democrats and satisfactory to the Governor elect.

The latest reported combination is between Democrats and Republicans and it has for its object the re-election of Pendleton. Diligent inquiry among men of both parties of prominence fails to uncover any knowledge of such an arrangement, the alleged bargain being scouted by every one approached on the subject.

Republicans say their party can not afford to become party to such a scheme, and that they will cast the votes for a man of their own party selected to receive it. Democrats on the other hand claim that they have not heard the story.

THE RECOUNT.

The work of recounting the vote on the second amendment in this city has been begun. A total gain has thus far been found of 340 in this city. The recount which is going on throughout the state is not expected to be complete. The reports thus far made show gains which are sufficient to adopt the second amendment in the opinion of its friends. The evidence of fraud and neglect thus far obtained will probably be placed before the State Canvassing Board next month, and a recount demanded; and in case of refusal application may be made to the Supreme Court to compel a recount. Let the good work go on.

FARRAND.

BOOTS, SHOES,
HATS & CAPS
NEW FALL
AND
WINTER STOCK

Men's, Boys' and Youth's
BOOTS and SHOES.

Women's, Misses & Children's
BUTTON AND LACE SHOES.

Good Reliable Goods at Reasonable Prices.

Please call and examine and be convinced.

Old Stand, Main St.,
JNO. G. MAGAW,
Coshocton, Ohio, Sept. 26, 1883.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

POISON!
BE CAREFUL.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH

Often the Result of Using

ADULTERATED

DRUGS.

Or, Perhaps

CARELESSNESS

n Filling Prescriptions.

Coshocton, O., Nov. 30, 1883.
(Special.)

In no other business is there a better hance to substitute an inferior or dulterated article in place of a pure ne, with as small chance of detection, in the Drug business, and it is a well nown fact that some druggists do not esitate to thus abuse the confidence of heir patrons. True, it is seldom we ear of harm resulting from this delorable practice, but the fact remains, evertheless, that much harm is accomplished, though we hear little of it, ever suspecting the cause.

In Medicine, quality is of the first mportance. This truth is recognized y all; and it behooves you, when in ant of medicines, to buy of the druggst in whom you can place implicit onfidence. If you are in want of drugs y where you can be certain of obtaining a pure article—unadulterated. If you have a Prescription to be filled ke it to the most reliable Druggist— e most experienced and careful othecary—the pharmacy where only e best and perfectly pure drugs are spensed. You have

A Perfect Right

have your prescriptions put up erever you choose.

You will save money in the long run dealing with the most reliable uggist, and the risk of health and e itself is greatly diminished. In ort,

It will Pay You Big

buy your Drugs, Medicines, Chemis, Patent Medicines, and have your escriptions accurately and honestly d, at the Old Reliable Drug Store of

DR. S. H. LEE,

409 MAIN ST.

[2 doors east of Stewart's Bank.]

DR LEE

is only the best and purest Drugs; ps all the leading Proprietory [or ent] Medicines; has the largest ck and greatest variety of Perfumes, e Toilet Soaps, Face Powders, ushes, Cigars, Fancy and Toilet icles.

n fact, Dr. Lee has the

BOSS DRUG STORE.

yne's, Green's, Hostetter's and oth-881 Almanacs for free distribution.]

409 Main Street.

N. BEALL & CO,

reafter will be found in the Room t to Lee & Gosser's Shoe Store.

Ve wish to say to our customers t in our new room our expenses y are less than any Dry Goods Coshocton, thus enabling us to you goods for less money than House in town, and we say, hout fear of contradiction, that have the best line of Goods of any se in town.

Ve are now in shape to handle ntry produce, and will pay the hest market price at all times.

Every Dollar's worth of Goods d by us guaranteed to give entire staction.

J. N. BEALL & CO.

HARDWARE,

UGGIES and

WAGONS,

—AT—

COST.

McDonald intends closing out his entire of

ardware, Buggies and Wagons, &c.,

will sell at Cost any article he has now on hand.

less this stock is sold entire to some one ing to continue the business, his store and shops, corner of **Main and Third** ts, will be for rent a can osed out, as it is his **intention to retire** the business.

y party wishing to engage in this busi-will find it to their advantage to call on ldress,

E. McDONALD,
Coshocton, Ohio.

THE WAY TO SUCCEED.

Some Business and Social Maxims Which May be Worth Remembering.

[Puck.]

If you want to succeed in life, you must wrap yourself in mystery. If you earn but $5 a week, you must dissipate in such a manner as to make people believe you enjoy a princely income.

You must talk about wealthy people as though intimately acquainted with them. You must walk down town to save money, and tell people you do it for the exercise, which you need because of your sedentary position, even if you are a hod-carrier in an obscure neighborhood.

If you can't get an overcoat, smilingly go without one, and laugh at the man who wears one, and say you are not delicate and the weather is not cold enough, and you're afraid you will be obliged to put on your summer underclothing if it doesn't hurry up and get cold

If you can't afford to leave the city during the heated term, say you prefer the city every time, and ridicule the country as much as possible by saying it is only a bower of musquitoes and malaria, and that you can't get a decent meal there to save your life.

But if you can't afford to live at Newport or in the more fashionable part of the city, go and secure a den in Bleecker street or some other out of-the-way place, and camp out for the summer, and tell your friends in the winter that you have been in Colorado.

If you are unable to secure a Derby in October, stick to your straw hat, and say that you intend to wear it right into the winter, because your hair is falling out, and the straw is so loosely sewed that the wind may pass through and ventilate it.

Then, when an elderly man asks you how much money you are making, out of idle curiosity, turn about and smilingly ask him if he thinks Tilden will run. Never answer his question, and, above all things, never swap confidences or become intimate with people you meet in a boarding-house.

When a man tells you how you might make a big fortune, ask him how it is that he is poor. And when he tells you how rich he would be if he were only your age, tell him that no one can preach success as eloquently as a pronounced failure.

If you incline to gambling, keep out of Wall street. Leave stocks alone, and go risk your money in a legitimate gambling-house. It is all gambling, and the same thing; but the regularly ordained gambling-house gives you your verdict right before your eyes, on the spot.

Never rush in to separate two men who are fighting on the street. If you do, you may be struck by both parties. Stand off and take in the circus. If men have sufficient provocation to maul each other, it would be cowardly and wicked for them not to fight. Anyhow, it is none of your business, and you, therefore, have no right to interfere and spoil the fun; because we have no more fun in this world than we want, and the more we have the happier we become.

Never land at a friend's house at mealtime. It will look as though you are trying to secure a gratuitous dinner; and, besides, you will not get a better dinner than you can buy anywhere for a dollar; and they may have a number of things on the table that you don't like, and you will have to eat them out of courtesy.

Never spend $10,000 to have your daughter taught to sing, or play on the piano, because you can go and get surfeited with the best professional living for $2. Besides, just as your daughter is becoming proficient, she will marry a dry goods drummer and leave you. After a woman marries she closes the piano for good, and stops singing in order to find time to talk.

Never order a Spanish omelette in a country hotel.

Never buy a dog from a boy you don't know.

Never have a picture taken with a cornet in your mouth, an accordeon in your hand, or a fire-hat on your head.

Never wear cuff-buttons or scarf-pin designed to show your calling.

A Mexican Adventure.

[Texas Siftings]

I wanted to get a box of liver pills, as the climate of Vera Cruz is slightly tinctured with malaria at all seasons of the year, and I was anxious to carry home a good a liver as I had with me when I left the white settlements. We found a drug store with difficulty, and, upon going in, the first object which attracted our attention, aside from the distinct odor of 10,000 different smells, was the appearance of the drug clerk. He was a long-necked young man, with resplendently oiled hair and eyes like a doe like gazelle's.

"How am I to make this Mexican heathen understand what I want?" I asked Capt. Wicks; "and, by the way, what a telegraph pole of a neck he has got on him. Looks like a giraffe."

"Or a swan," suggested Wicks.

"See how he is greased!" I observed, "just as though he was ready to be swallowed by an anaconda."

"He does that," said Wicks, "and, what a magnificent sign he makes for an apothecary shop."

"What a champion he would make to run a sausage stuffer," I continued; "but how am I going to get the pills?"

"Ask for pildores," said Wicks; "that's Spanish for pills."

I know that hombre meant man, so I waltzed right up to him, and said:

"Hombro, pildores!"

"All right!" said that blessed drug clerk, with a neck like a barber's pole; "what kind will you have; Ayer's, Jayne's, Brown's liver pills, compound cathartic, or Tutt's great and oily liver pills on earth? We have them all, and you can sample them if you like; and if I ever get you off by yourself, you tallow-faced, knock-kneed galoot from the United States, I'll hammer more good manners into you in five minutes than you have acquired in all the rest of your previous life. I know what kind of pills you need," he howled, being thoroughly aroused, and before I know what he was doing he flourished a revolver over his head.

He was mistaken, however, as to that being the kind of pill I wanted, so we strolled out so rapidly in order to prevent his forcing his wares on us that you might have played checkers on our coat-tails.

HOW THE BANDIT LOOKS.

A Clever Sketch of Frank James as He Appeared in the Gallatin Court.

[Atchison, (Ky.) Champion.]

It was a remarkable figure throughout. Quite slender, emaciated in fact; with long arms and legs, and a slender waist, conveying, one would say, rather the idea of a professional man; but the face was one among 10,000, and one never to be forgotten—long, thin, worn, not with disease, but watchfulness, long travel, suspicion and anxiety; with a restless, thin-lipped mouth, that never was still; a short, sharp chin that rose and fell, and occasionally seemed to close up and almost disappear under the thin, sickly looking, yellowish mustache, so that mustache, lips and chin were blended in one. Gray eyes, with changing shades, that betrayed various feelings, but never kindness; and most remarkable of all, a long, large nose that dominated over his face; not a Jewish, nor a Roman, nor a Greek nose, but a nose by itself, not exactly human; a nose like a fox or a wolf. Straight back, sloping at an angle, almost as great as that of the nose, was a forehead, smooth, white, and broad, which had it been upright, would have been a fine feature, but it lay down, so to speak, after the cruel fashion one sees in cats, leopards, tigers, wolves, and the baser and crueler sorts of carnivorous animals. Across the forehead was a long, thread-like scar, perceptible only on close inspection, and said to have been made in childhood. There was, to make the face more singular, deep depressions below the temples. The mass of rather small head was behind and above the ears; but not immediately behind them, so as to give the thick neck common in the lower order of criminals; on the other hand, the neck was long, slender and sinewy, and quite fair, and displayed by a turning collar. The complexion was hard to describe; it was doubtless bleached by confinement, and might become bronzed by exposure in the sun. The thin, fine brown hair and the color of the mustache indicated a blonde; there were dusky spots, as if the man had a black skin dimly showing through a white one.

The face was one to be studied, and studied again, and might then tell very little. His occupation, for instance, could hardly be guessed. A half-dozen suggested themselves to the writer, and were discarded. But, whatever they were, the idea of dishonor, treachery and wickedness was associated with each. A confidence man; a sneak gambler (to which the long, slender fingers gave evidence), a wandering dentist, using chloroform to debauch his female patrons; an intermittent schoolmaster of limited education and villainous tendencies; a shover of counterfeit money, but not a maker of it; a clerical dead beat. There was nothing bold or brave, or manly or open, about the face; nothing of the hero, even of the cheapest sort, about it. And yet, when the singular combination of mouth, nose, mustache and chin, of which we have spoken, took place, a shadow of infernal cruelty stole over the whole countenance, to the roots of the hair and the edges of the ears.

Men Who Throw Light on the Labor Question.

[Wall Street News.]

Some day the senate committee on labor will have Russell Sage before it in the witness box, and the examination will lead off with:

"Let's see—ah—Mr. Sage, you were the poor son of a poor farmer up in New Hampshire?"

"I was."

"Had to study your books by the light of a corncob fire?"

"I did."

"Went barefoot in winter and ragged in summer, and up to your eighteenth year you never had fifty cents to your name?"

"Correct, sir."

"At the age of 19 you began to speculate? You traded a $8 watch for a $80 colt, and in course of time worked up the colt into fifty sheep pelts and a bridled steer?"

"Exctly, sir."

"And you are now worth millions?"

"Yes, a few."

"All made by selling tinware from a peddler's wagon, and removing corns and warts at 10 cents a remove?"

"Every dollar."

"That will do, Mr. Sage. You and Mr. Gould and the other boys have thrown a heap of light on this labor question, and our gratitude is unbounded."

SCIENTIFIC EXECUTION.

The Use of Electricity in Executing the Death Penalty on Criminals.

[London Telegraph.]

Society is revenged upon the convict in his expectancy of death. The manner of it does not probably affect him in the least. But it is while he is waiting for the hand to strike him that the man who can not be forgiven on this side of the grave pays to his kind the penalty of his crime, and it matters not a jot whether the hand holds a rifle, an ax, or a rope. And it is the knowledge of the fact that the apprehension of his fate is the real punishment of the assassin that is perpetually leading the thoughtful to discuss the question of merciful forms of execution. The rifle is a bungling instrument at best, for how are we to steady the hands and eyes of the men who step out at the word of a corporal, to shoot down a comrade by word of command? The ax again, as history tells us, loses its edge in the grasp of a sympathetic executioner; and, though we can subsidize the hands of men to strike the blow, what hire can we give to hearts that they shall cease to beat pitifully, and so unnerve the arms that are already in our pay? The rope, too, has been proved again and again, even in the congenial hands of the dead hangman, a blundering means of torture. It catches upon elbows, slackens in the wrong places, or breaks when an old cord is used or the strain has been wrongly calculated. No wonder, therefore, that humanity, scandalized at such mishaps, should still cast about for some other means of fulfilling the last demands of justice.

Nor surely should science be unable to provide the means. For, apart from the various methods which commend themselves to specialists, there are others whereby instantaneous death can be assured. We might cite, for example, execution by lightning, which electricity seems to have placed within our power. When the writer of the "Coming Race" imagined the wonders of "vril," and showed us the executioners of the Ana destroying the doomed by a touch of the terrible staff, he may really have been pointing out, as he does in so many other instances, a direction in which science has yet to work a great reform, since in the magnetic current we have undoubtedly a life-taking weapon that is quite as formidable as vril. There could be no bungling, no chance of the nerves giving way, for death would follow the completion of the circuit as completely and swiftly as under a lightning flash, and thus, without any of the dreadful accessories now attending public executions, justice would be satisfied and the last penalty paid. The suggestions, at all events, are worth consideration in those high quarters where such serious matters are settled, and we put it before them as a possible mode of rapid punishment which, admitting of few chances of failure, would spare the shock now sometimes inflicted on public feelings. How and by what means the mysterious potency could be employed, if at all, remains for electricians to decide; but enough is already known to suggest a hope that the rope as an instrument of execution may before very long be disused, even if Marwood is not to be the last of our common hangmen.

Old Soldiers' Likes and Dislikes.

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

"These soldier companionships," said an ex-major general, who stood near, "were queer things. And one of the strangest things to me is that among all modern writers a magazine romancer, who was never a soldier, has come nearer to the truth in picturing the temper of such friendships than any one else. In the October number of one of the magazines the story is told of the loyalty of a commonplace man for one of higher grade, and of the devotion of the other.

"I know of just such a case," he continued. "A high-strung general officer, in rallying his troops in a panic at Chicamauga, fell under his horse when a bullet went through the head of the latter. Every one thought both man and horse were killed, but a stolid dolt of a fellow in running by saw that the general was alive. He stopped, and without saying a word tried to roll the horse off. Just then there came a hail of bullets from the rapidly advancing enemy, and the soldier started to run. He took a few steps, came back, lifted and pulled until the general was free, set him on his feet, caught another horse careering near, helped the dazed and bruised officer on it, gave the animal a prod with his bayonet, and sent man and horse on a wild gallop toward safety. He, himself, was taken prisoner, but he now drives one of my wagons, and, by George, he may drive over me any day he wants to, and I won't whimper."

And the ex-major general started toward his wholesale establishment with a step that hinted of a field band in the distance and a cloud of war memorials about his head. By the way, did you ever notice that sportsmen and soldiers are more tenacious as to little prejudices and likes and dislikes than any others? A physician that I know will desert his patients any time for a day's fishing, and when he can't go a-fishing he lounges down to the fish market on State street just to get a smell. Most people pass that fish market with noses at angles of disdain, but my friend flares out his nostrils, takes long, deep breaths, and swears that he likes it, just as an old soldier will swear that he likes hard-tack, and that he can cook better than half the professionals. Is the doctor honest?

UNCLE GABE ON THE OLD AND NEW.

[J. A. Macon in the Manhattan.]

Things is gwine in sich a mighty gallop now adays
Dat 'tis hard to keep de step wid all the hifalutin ways.
Why, the wul is gwine so rapid, an' ef people don't hold back,
Dar's gwine to be some bustin' up an' running orf the track.
As I push along de pabement to de eberlastin' sho',
De things don't look as lubly as dey use to long ago,
You kin notis how de morkin' bird, dat start out in de spring,
Don't empty out his music wid de same old handy swing;
De stars don't blink so pretty an' de sky ain't quite so blue,
An' it sort o' 'pears de moon itse'f done swunk a inch or two.
Well, folks was younger in dem days—less ways 'twas so wid me—
An' dose times jes' ain't a patchin' to de times dat use to be!
When my strenk begin to fail me an' my step is getting slow,
I hab to stop an' study 'bout de folks I use to know
I ken see 'em right befo' me, in a foggy sort o' mis'
Dat settles 'cross de cabin fum my pipe o' "nigger twis'."
An' dey's sort o' smilin' at me, as I see 'em stan'in' 'roun'—
Dem good old friends o' long ago dat's sleep in' in de groun'.
De ole times suit me heap de bes', but, den, I boun' to say,
Dat dar's heap o' nice contraptions dat dey's fixin' up to-day:
An' lots o' handy doin's what I nebber seed befo',
Dat would p'intly be surprisin' to de folks I use to know.
So 'taint no use o' fixin' plans for turnin' back de tide,
An' I'll set myself right on de bank an watch an' let her slide.
When de lobby bus' wide open an' de waters 'gin to po',
Why 'taint no use o' bristlin' up to fight the overflow!

OCEAN GAMBLING.

Stakes Risked on Board English Steamships--The Fascination of the Thing.

New York World.

"No official," said the clerk at the White Star Line office, "from the captain down to the pettiest sailor, is permitted to participate either directly or indirectly in any pools going on board of any vessel of our line, and any statements to the contrary are utterly devoid of truth. That passengers will bet on the run of the ship, on the number of the pilot boat, on the probability of meeting another vessel during the day—in fact, on almost every imaginable event in which there is an element of uncertainty—is something which we can neither stop or in anywise interfere with. Neither can we prevent poker playing or any other game of cards, no matter how high the stakes are. Our passengers would tell us to mind our own business. How large the sums won or lost are I have no personal knowledge of. The men who play are, I believe, rich enough to stand any loss. Life on board ship is different than on land. There are no newspapers to read, and one cannot always be poring over a book. It is natural that men should seek relief from ennui in card-playing and pools. But it is regarded merely as a pastime and not in any professional sense."

"Are there not men, skillful players, who make it a habit of crossing the ocean many times a year, readily paying their passage and making a good profit out of their winnings at play?"

"There may be such men, and if they get on board of our ships it is the duty of the stewards to look out for them. A face will become familiar after a while and if the person is a blackleg or sharper the steward will know how to deal with him. We cannot refuse passage even to such persons where they pay their fare in advance, for we are common carriers under the law, but the steward can control the gentleman's operations. In one case which I remember, the steward at the very outset privately told one of these gentry that if he caught him playing he would hoist his name, as a warning, in the smoking-room. That was an effectual damper. The sharper did not touch a card during the whole of the voyage."

"It is not our regular voyagers who participate in the pools," said a manager at the Cunard office. "They are for the most part elderly men who travel a certain number of times every year for commercial purposes and whose sailing we can predict like clockwork. To them the novelty of all this has worn off a long time since. It is the young bloods and theatrical people, making their first trips, who are the most eager to put up their money. There is a fascination about it which attracts people who would not go near a gambling-house on shore. It gives them something to speculate upon and talk about, and serves to while away the time which would otherwise hang heavy on their hands. Besides, the whole thing is looked upon as great fun, and the winner of the pool is invariably expected to open a basket of champaign for the crowd."

Mr. Louis de Beblan, the agent of the French steamers, could not say how high the play ranged on board the vessels of his line. Pools were indulged in as well as card playing.

"What right would I have," he said, "to interfere in any bet which you might make with any third gentleman? It is your own money which you lose and you have the right to do with it what you please. You might as well have the captains forbid the drinking of wine. It is a question of personal liberty which is dear to every one and any infringement on which would be quickly resented as an insult."

The passenger agent of the National line said there was less pool playing going on on board the steamers of that line than on any other. Their patrons were a steady going class who did not indulge in such amusements, and men who wanted to win large sums of money on the trip over generally preferred to go with faster vessels, which attracted a larger and richer number of passengers.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

As Written Down by the Burlington Man.

[R. J. Burdette.]

Well, Lord Coleridge, chief justice of England, is here. He is accompanied by his son Gil. His full name is Gilbert, but we always call him Gil. They expect to be the guests of the Burlington bar or boat club, they haven't decided which. The party came ashore in Elbridge Garry's yacht. Lord Coleridge is six feet old, about sixty years long, and shaves his face clean every day, including the Sabbath. His baggage was passed ashore without examination, under the disguise of luggage, a name applied to it by himself. He does not know much. He calls his valises "bags," and his trunks "boxes," and spoke of a baggage car as a "luggage van." He is not so intelligent as he looks. He was nearly choked to death at luncheon, by swallowing a large H, which he insisted on putting on his oyster, although he was told repeatedly that it wasn't lum-tum to do so. On being showed a dude he remarked that he had committed several of them to the asylum for life just before leaving England. He had one of the best lay-outs for an extended lunch route ever organized on this continent, the banquets being located all the way from New York to Oregon, both in Canada and the United States.

His ludship was very much surprised on learning that the marquis of Lorne was not governor of the United States.

"Had we no governor, then?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," we said.

"And who was governor if the marquis was not?"

And we told him, Ben Butler. He was just about the governorest governor that ever governed, we said. And his ludship was pleased, and said he had never met Governor Butler, but had read his "Analogy" and "Life of Hudibras."

He said he had a letter of introduction to a man named Greeley, a reporter on some newspaper, he understood. After luncheon his ludship called a cab and ordered the driver to take him to Kansas, and was greatly disconcerted on being told that the cabs only ran as far as the Grand Central depot, and that Kansas was at least thirty-five miles out of the city. He expects to remain in this country three weeks. He would return to England to-morrow, but will be detained here somewhat longer, collecting material for a history of the United States, which he is going to write.

Bogus Modern Antiquities.

[London Standard.]

In the east the tourist has learned to look often before putting his hand in his pocket once. But he has no less reason to exercise caution when in localities where imposition might be less suspected. The steamer passenger who buys Paris-made gems at Colombo is a scoff among the Moormen of Ceylon; but there is just as much risk of buying corals at Honolulu which have been imported from the Marquesas for the gullibility of the home-coming colonists. In "the summer isles of Eden" the Chinese are already doing a fine business in old Hawaiian gods, necklaces, and other implements which "have been dug up in trenching the fields"—a statement quite accurate if it were only qualified by a saving clause telling how they had been buried there by their lucky finder. Demand creates supply, and accordingly we are not astonished to learn that in Fiji "genuine old cannibal folks" are now freely offered to unsuspicious voyagers, and that of late there has arisen a steady trade in human femora nawed by cannibal Kanaks. The man who now accepts at any price maize and dahlia bulbs "found in the mummy cave of Pharoah's daughter" is hardly to be safely intrusted with money; and surely, after the many warnings they have had, there ought not to be a great number of pious pilgrims who treasure up the Chinese scent-bottles "discovered in the pyramids," with verses on them from poems 2,000 years later than the avowed date of the flask.

But when a Peruvian or Mexican Indian offers an Inca or Aztec antiquity, is it not carrying skepticism to a stage when it ceases to be an archæologist's virtue to doubt its genuineness? Unfortunately, there are wagon loads of Toltec gods and relics of sun worship for sale in Anahuac or Cuzco which are as veritable fabrications as the Deuteronomy which Mr. Shapira did not sell, or the pottery for which the Germans gave him £3,000, or the Samson's coffin—with the giant's name misspelled—which was introduced to the Palestine exploration fund as an unsophisticated relic. The foreign demand for "American antiquities" is now so great that one manufacturer in Indiana concentrates his attention chiefly on "mound builders' pipes." In Ohio a large business is done in hematite celts and gorgets cut from blue slate. In southern Illinois the knaves who make "prehistoric pottery" have so overdone the trade that it no longer pays; and, generally speaking, one has to be as careful in examining Indian relics as in skeptically scrutinizing the autographs, postage stamps, Judæan shekels, and ancient Pentateuchs for sale in localities nearer home.

Conversing With a Donkey.

[London Exchange.]

The following story has been told in so many different ways that we think it only right to give our readers the original: Some years ago Mr. Peckham, a gentleman well known and remembered by the tradesmen of Yorkshire, was staying at the Unicorn inn, Ripon, for the night, and, after completing his business in the quiet and respectable old city, was enjoying a cigar and a glass with a few of the tradesmen who did business with him. Among other things the conversation turned upon the subject of holding converse with the lower animals, Mr. Peckham affirming that the thing was not an impossibility, as he himself was able to hold converse with several of the different species. While in the act of conversation, an old man with a donkey and cart, partly laden with pots, drove into the yard, and, being seen by the company, Mr. Peckham offered to bet any gentleman present half a dozen of champagne he could make the donkey understand what he should say to it. The bet being accepted the party turned out en masse. Mr. Peckham asked and obtained leave for a moment's conversation with the donkey; and, handing the owner half a crown for the favor, he put his mouth quite close to the donkey's ear, and, doubtless, covering the act with a cloud of smoke, unobservedly dropped the burning ash from his cigar into the poor thing's ear. The sentence uttered was, of course, inaudible, but the donkey instantly began to plunge, and, its owner being amazed and seemingly powerless, the cart was eventually overturned and most of the pots broken. The disaster caused no little amusement to the company at the expense of the poor fellow, who demanded compensation for the damage done, to which request Mr. Peckham declined to accede, and, with his friends, he returned to the inn to enjoy his wine. The hawker was left threatening to summon Mr. Peckham before the mayor in the morning, which threat he carried into effect.

The case, on being stated, caused considerable amusement, and eventually his worship suggested that Mr. Peckham should make the poor man some recompense, and he would dismiss the case. Mr. Peckham assented, and thanked his worship kindly, expressing his regret that the matter had turned out so unfortunately for the poor man. His worship desired him to inform the court what were the words he uttered to the donkey, but Mr. Peckham at first declined to do so, on account of there being a danger of giving offense to his worship; but the latter good-humoredly replied that there was no danger at all and desired him to speak out. Mr. Peckham, without further hesitation, stated that he told the donkey that he was a brother to the mayor of Ripon, and he was a fool if ever he drew another pot for any one; hence the disaster.

The Brooklyn Bridge.

After about fourteen years of hard labor the great suspension bridge between New York and Brooklyn has been completed, and two great cities connected in a manner which was never dreamed of in Revolutionary times. It is indeed the crowning work of the century and can be classed among the wonders of this country. The suspension bridges at Niagara Falls and over the Ohio river at Cincinnati are mere foot bridges in comparison with it. Its dimensions history and cost are familiar to all readers not to be repeated here; but we do wish to speak of Peruna the greatest discovery of the century. It is a medicine discovered by Dr. S. B. Hartman and prescribed by him in thousands of cases in thirty years continuous practice. Ask your druggist for the pamphlet entitled the "Ills of Life," which gives full and complete directions for the preservation of the health. Try Peruna the great tonic.

SPECULATIONS.

"Good morning Mr. B., fine day!" "Yes, fine day." "Think it'll rain to day?" "Well hardly think it will rain to-day; still it may; hope not."

"Howdy do, Mr C., cold is'nt it!" "Well yes I should say it was cold." "Have some snow I reckon?" "Wouldn't wonder, at all; still it doesn't look like snow."

"Hello E., going to get a freeze, eh?" "No think not; this wind's going to blow up a thaw." "That's where your wrong, I tell you it's going to freeze."

The above are some of the empty whims and speculations so often on the tongues of the people. Questions of vital importance and with which they are intimately concerned such as health, modes of living, and the treatment of disease, are passed upon little, if any. How much more sensible would be a query like this:

"Well, Mr. B., how is your case of dyspepsia coming on? Have you found a remedy for it?" or like this: "My liver and kidneys flag in their work. Is there a medicine that will assist them in meeting natures requirements?"

If Mr. B, or the other party accosted had used Burdock Blood Bitters he would reply, "Yes I have found a remedy true and good, one that has merit and is honest."

Let us add that the reputation of Burdock Blood Bitters is founded on the solid floor of Fact, nailed down and clinched by sincere Conviction. For all disorders arising from or associated with the blood and stomach this medicine is peculiarly adapted, and gives unvarying satisfaction.

1883. 1884.

CHINA HALL.

My Headquarters are at CHINA HALL.

To the Citizens of Coshocton County!

Our splendid stock of Queensware, Glassware, Notions, Toys, &c., &c,, selected expressly for the Holiday trade is now in Store. Also, a most superb line of Hanging Lamps, Fine China Tea Setts, & a magnificent selection of Oriental Vases, to which we invite especial attention. These Goods cannot be surpassed in beauty, and will be sold at prices to suit all.

We have exactly what you want.

OUR ELEGANT STOCK OF

Christmas and Hloiday Goods

IS HERE!

Whole families walk miles to get the first selections from our Immense Display of Holiday Gifts.

The old, the young, the married the single, can all be supplied. Remember that the Christmas Sun shines upon the happiest day of all the year. Make your purchases early You will find the largest assortment and greatest variety in the city at

REA'S CHINA HALL,

B. R. Shaw's old stand, 113 Second St. Coshocton, O.

NOTICE
TO
TAX PAYERS!

In pursuance of law, I JOHN BEAVER, Treasurer of Coshocton county, hereby notify the Tax-payers of said county, that the Rates of Taxation therein for the year 1883, are correctly stated in the subjoined table, showing the number of Cents on each One Hundred Dollars Valuation of Taxable Property in the several Towns, Townships, and Independent School Districts, etc., for each and all purposes under the Tax Laws of the State of Ohio:

NAMES OF TOWNSHIPS AND TOWNS, UNION AND SPECIAL SCHOOL DISTRICTS.	STATE LEVIES. Sinking Fund	General Revenue	State Com's School Fund	Total State Tax	COUNTY LEVIES. County Fund	Infirmary Fund	Bridge Fund	Road Fund	Total County Tax	TOWNSHIP LEVIES. Township Fund	School Fund	Village Fund	Total Tax for all purposes, except Road	Road Tax to be worked
	Cents	Cents	Cents	Cents	Cents	Cents	Cents	Cents	Cents	Cents	Cents	Cents	Cents	Cents
Adams	5	14	10	29	11	4	24	6	48	13	66	...	150	12½
Bethlehem	5	14	10	29	14	4	24	6	48	11	26	....	114	15
Bedford	5	14	10	29	14	4	21	6	48	18	25	...	120	12½
Bedford Special School District	5	14	10	29	14	1	24	6	48	18	29	...	124	12½
West Carlisle Special School District	5	14	10	29	11	4	21	6	48	18	40	...	135	12½
Clark	5	11	10	29	14	1	24	6	48	10	40	....	180	12½
Crawford	5	14	10	29	11	4	21	6	48	17	52	....	140	15
Franklin	5	14	10	29	14	4	24	6	48	8	33	.....	118	10
Jefferson	5	11	10	29	11	4	21	6	48	0	88	.	121	10
Jackson	5	14	10	29	11	4	21	6	48	35	32		144	10
Roscoe Union School District	5	14	10	29	11	4	24	6	18	35	54	.....	160	10
Keene	5	14	10	29	11	4	21	6	48	10	23	..	110	15
Lafayette	5	14	10	29	14	4	21	6	48	26	23	...	126	15
Lafayette Separate School District	5	11	10	29	14	4	24	6	48	20	98	.	186	15
Linton	5	14	10	29	14	4	21	6	48	20	63	....	160	10
Mill Creek	5	14	10	29	14	4	21	6	48	10	17	...	104	10
Monroe	5	14	10	29	14	4	21	6	48	15	70	..	162	15
New Castle	5	14	10	29	14	4	24	6	48	21	85	...	186	15
New Castle Separate School District	5	14	10	29	14	1	24	6	48	24	41	..	142	15
Oxford	5	14	10	25	14	4	21	6	48	10¼	23¼	..	111	12½
Pike	5	14	10	20	14	1	21	6	48	0	80	...	106	10
West Carlisle Separate School District	5	11	10	29	11	4	24	6	48	0	40	.	128	10
Perry	5	14	10	29	11	4	24	6	48	10	10	...	106	10
West Carlisle Separate School District	5	14	10	29	14	4	24	6	48	10	40	....	127	10
Tuscarawas	5	14	10	29	11	4	24	6	48	3	48	.	128	20
Coshocton Union School District	5	14	10	29	14	1	24	6	48	8	50	...	130	20
Tiverton	5	14	10	29	11	4	21	6	48	7	68	.	142	10
Virginia	5	14	10	29	14	4	21	6	48	25	28	.	130	15
Washington	5	14	10	29	14	4	24	6	48	16	25	.	118	12½
West Carlisle Separate School District	5	14	10	29	14	4	24	6	48	16	40	.	133	12½
White Eyes	5	14	10	29	11	4	21	6	48	16	83	.	129	17½
Coshocton Village*	5	14	10	20	11	4	21	6	18	8	56	74	204	
Warsaw	5	14	10	29	11	4	24	6	48	9	38	25	140	10

In the Village of Coshocton there was levied 16 cents on the one hundred dollars as a special tax on "Steel Works Bonds."

Each person charged with Taxes for the year 1883 on the Tax Duplicate of Coshocton county is required by law to pay one-half of said tax on or before the 20th of December, 1883, and the remaining half on or before the 20th of June, following; but may, at his option, pay the full amount of such taxes on or before the said 20th of December next. Tax-payers will take notice that unless one-half of the tax on personal property is paid on or before December 20, the tax for the whole year becomes due.

Tax-payers will be afforded every opportunity to pay their taxes, yet in order to avoid the penalties prescribed by law in case of non-payment at the proper time, and to enable the Treasurer to make his settlement according to law, they will be expected to respond promptly, as five per cent will be added to all taxes due and unpaid on the 1st of January, 1884. Road Receipts must be presented at the time of the payment of the taxes, otherwise they will not be received. Persons holding Road Receipts must present the same at the December collection of taxes, 1883, to entitle them to a credit for the amount worked out on the public highways, as thereafter Road Tax Receipts cannot be received.

Office hours from 8 o'clock a. m. to 4 o'clock p. m.

JOHN BEAVER,

Treasurer, Coshocton County, Ohio.

TREASURER'S OFFICE, October 4, 1883.

Only Half a Crop of **Buckwheat this Season.** Now Here Comes Something New!

With all the good things in this world, people still crave something new. This time it comes in the shape of a

PAN CAKE FLOUR!

Which we have lately introduced to an intelligent public, and so far all who have tried it

PRONOUNCE IT PERFECT!

"Even the dyspeptic, who has so long been denied the luxury of Buckwheat Cakes for breakfast, or Flannel Cakes or Waffles for supper, says with this new Pan Cake Flour he has his hot cakes without a pang of remorse. Pan Cake Flour, with either Cold Water or Sweet Milk, will make the lightest and nicest

GRIDDLE CAKES, FLANNEL CAKES & WAFFLES

Ever baked, without Eggs, Soda, Salt, or expensive Baking Powder, and many prefer it for a Breakfast Cake to Buckwheat. Of course it is understood Eggs will improve any cake, but this Flour is good if you leave them out. Full directions on each sack. For sale by all grocers. Prepared only by

S. S. MARVIN & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Extensive manufacturers of the best Soda, Oyster, Butter, Water, and Sweet Fancy Biscuit and Crackers.

ALWAYS ASK FOR MARVIN'S.

INVITE YOUR NEIGHBOR'S ATTENTION
—TO—
THE COSHOCTON AGE.

The only 64 column paper in Eastern Ohio, and ask him to become a subscriber. Sample copy will be mailed to any address upon request.

BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN SOAP

FOR ALL

House-Cleaning Purposes.

IT WILL CLEAN

PAINT, MARBLE, OIL CLOTHS, BATH TUBS, CROCKERY, KITCHEN UTENSILS, WINDOWS, &c.

IT WILL POLISH

TIN, BRASS, COPPER AND STEEL WARES OF ALL KINDS.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Mystery of the Metropolitan.

[Olive Harper.]

In the latter part of April, 1873, I went to the Metropolitan hotel in New York, which is situated at the corner of Broadway and Prince street, and was assigned to room "243." This room fronted on Prince street and was about ten feet wide by fifteen long with an alcove for the bed adjoining the main hall, while a narrow hall led from the main hall to the room by the side of the alcove. I am thus particular in describing the room because it has a direct bearing upon the story I shall relate.

The room has but one window, and beside that is the fireplace, and both together take up the entire wall space. An old-fashioned bureau stood by the window on the left hand on entering the room. A stationary washstand, with a movable gas burner above, was placed between the bureau and the door leading into the little hall. A rather faded Brussels carpet covered the floor, and a small oval marble-topped table stood in the centre of the room. A couple of easy chairs and two plain chairs also stood about. On the right hand side of the room was a wardrobe near the foot of the bed, just outside the alcove, and between that and the fireplace was a lounge. This completed the furnishing of the room.

I had arrived from a railroad journey and was very tired, but in superb health. I never was one likely to indulge in visions; and I wish it distinctly understood that I am not a Spiritualist, and do not believe in spiritual manifestations in any way. I relate what I have to say just as it happened, leaving the explanation to any one who can explain it.

I arrived, as I say, and was given this room. I had my dinner served in the room, and sat there until nearly midnight writing letters, and then calling the bell boy and giving him the letters, I closed and locked the outer hall door, and then the inner one, and after looking at several photographs of friends, I left them and my writing materials on the table, and went to bed, first assuring myself that there was no possibility of any one entering the room by the window. There were no transoms, only a sort of window-blind slat work over the head of the bed for air. I left the gas turned up slightly, and the little table by the side of the stationary washstand, where I had drawn it for the sake of light, there being no other burner in the room.

Being very healthy, tired, and not troubled by a bad conscience or digestion, I went to sleep almost as soon as I was comfortably settled in bed, and I do not know how long I slept. Suddenly I woke and sat bolt upright in bed, and saw two men in the room. The light was bright, and they were seated at the right hand side of the room at the foot of my bed. One was on the sofa and the other on a chair, and the little marble-topped table was between them, and on this table they were playing euchre. I heard no words, but knew it was euchre, because I understand that game fairly well myself.

He who was sitting, or rather reclining, on the sofa was a delicate looking man, like one in poor health, and he was dressed in a light suit of clothes. He had thin reddish hair and straggling beard. His forehead was unusually broad and high, and the rest of his face was so thin that the pointed beard gave him a peculiar look. His hands were long and thin, and his left wrist was misshapen, as if it had once been broken and badly set.

The other man was stout, dark, with piercing black eyes, and eyebrows which seemed to stand out straight. His hair was straight and thick and very black and shining. His mustache was thick and drooping. At one corner of the mouth—I can't remember which—was a little scar like a letter V in shape, and his face and chin had that peculiar blue tinge that some dark men have when newly shaved. He was handsome, withal. He was dressed in dark clothing. They had played out one hand and had played one trick on the next, when I noticed they seemed angry and quarreling, though I heard no sound, and in an instant the dark man quickly drew a knife and stabbed the other in the left breast. The knife penetrated to the very hilt. He shivered a little, his eyes closed, and he was dead. Then the other one rose and lifted up the inert right arm and drew it forward, and clasped the hand around the handle of the knife, and pushed the table closer until it held the elbow of the dead man in such a position as would keep the arm from falling again. Then he gathered up the cards, put them into his pocket, took up his hat, and in an instant the whole scene had disappeared, and I fell back in the bed and knew no more until morning.

I might give a long description of my terrors and work up a thrilling tale, but as I am simply narrating facts I must say that I was not frightened. I was more surprised than anything else, and the whole took place so suddenly that I had not time to get frightened until it was all over, and when I awoke in the morning it had almost passed from my mind, as I thought it but a dream. But when I rose and went into the room I saw that the table stood by the side of the lounge and all my photographs and papers were on the bureau. Still I did not attach great importance to that, even, as I had walked in my sleep some when I was young, and in the press of business the next day it went entirely out of my mind.

That night I was roused in precisely the same manner as before, and I saw the same thing precisely. In the morning the table stood by the sofa again, and all the things that had been on it were on the bureau. This surprised me a good deal, and I must confess to feeling a little "crawly" about it; still, much occupation during the day almost effaced the impression before night. The third evening I spent with some friends, and returned about 11 o'clock, and almost immediately retired, to go through exactly the same experience; and then in reality I began to feel uncomfortable and not to care about going to bed. I determined to fix things so nobody could move that table. I did not believe in supernatural agency, and I took a rope that had been around my trunk and tied that table fast to the leg of the bureau and tied more knots than I could have untied in half an hour, piled some things on the top and went to bed, leaving the gas fully turned on. I awoke next morning after having been the unwilling witness of it all again, and the rope lay on the floor and all the things with it.

I declared to myself that I would not sleep in that room another night, though I did not think spirits had anything to do with it. I called a chambermaid and asked her if she could not sleep in the room with me. She said that it was against the rules, but that she would speak to the housekeeper. So Katy did, and the housekeeper came down. I had a conversation with her and asked her if any one had ever complained in any way of that room. She hesitated, and finally said that a sick lady once had insisted on being changed to another room, but did not offer any explanations. I did not either, but decided not to give up without one more trial, and this night I determined not to fall asleep at all, and so I sat up reading, or rather trying to read, until nearly 12, and then I did not quite feel as though I wanted to remain in the same room, and I desired as much protection as the alcove room would give, though there were but curtains to separate the rooms.

So I sat up in bed there for about half an hour. All in an instant the whole thing was before me again, and I did feel somewhat queer and chilly, but I watched the progress of the whole tragedy again, and, as I decided, for the last time.

As soon as was feasible in the morning I sent for Mr. Adams, the clerk, to come up, and asked him if he would tell me whether any murder had ever been committed in that room, and he declared there had not; but when I insisted on finding out whether a tragedy of any kind had been enacted there, he admitted that once a man had committed suicide in that room. He had been sick and was despondent, and so had taken his life.

I felt sure, then, and told him so, that that man had been murdered, and under just such circumstances as I had seen. Mr. Adams could not give the details of the position of the body of the supposed suicide.

I was then assigned to another room, and as long as I remained I saw no more of my ghostly vision. I promised Mr. Adams to say nothing about it, not that we believed in ghosts, either of us, but for the hotel's sake; and I went my way to Europe after a few days, and remained there some years. On my return I simply passed through New York and had almost forgotten the whole affair. After several years' residence in America again, and after traveling the whole length and breadth of our country twice, it is quite natural to suppose that I should have forgotten all about it. One day I was writing a very lively, sprightly letter, and feeling in particularly good spirits, when all at once I pushed aside the letter, and drawing other paper towards me wrote out a simple history of that affair, just as it was, and mailed it to The New York Sun. They took only time to verify what they could of the story and published it. It made considerable stir, and reporters visited the room and interviewed Mr. Adams, who admitted all that is here told; and also added that he felt positive that I was perfectly sincere and honest, and a particularly level-headed person, and one not given to any of the fallacies of spiritualism, and that he did not doubt that I saw everything as I said. He had had one or two persons who desired to leave the room, but he did not know why. He would not be afraid to sleep there, but never had done so. Then several persons who had occupied that room began to be heard from, all relating different experiences, though none had seen what I had.

A Catholic priest published an article relating to it, and accounting for it all by saying that he believed that the man had been murdered and that assassin was still living, and that, as a punishment for his crime, he was obliged to enact it every night in spirit while asleep, and that it was a well-known fact that one mind had influence over another to a greater or less extent, and that his mind during its free moments had forced mine to behold the tragedy.

Some of the newspapers suggested that it was the ghost of Tammany; others declared it Bill Tweed, and some ridiculed the whole affair.

An English sea captain also published his experience while occupying that room. He had been playing cards with a friend, and while at the little table there came an invisible shower of apparently heavy articles down on the table, scattering the cards right and left. Another man had had peculiar, but not startling experiences there.

Several years have passed since that time, and I had almost forgotten that I had ever written or seen anything, when about two months since the whole was brought to my mind by a strange and shocking incident.

I was walking along one of the busiest streets in New York, and it was very hot and I did not wish to get unnecessarily heated, when I became aware of an uncomfortable sensation, as if a cold hand was touching me and leading me forward. A few steps further took me toward a lady of graceful mien and figure, who was standing by the side of a gentleman whose face and figure seemed strangely familiar to me. I caught his look, which was fixed upon me, and he drew his lips back in an attempt to smile, which was so ghastly a sight that all who saw it shuddered, and then he fell to the ground dead.

Of course everything was done that could be done to restore him, but uselessly, and the doctors said he died in a fit. I was the only other woman present, and, as such, I felt it a duty to stay by the woman, who seemed to be stricken with a pallor of death, though she did not faint or cry when they said he was dead. I took her hand and asked her if she was able to give orders, and asked what could be done for her. She replied wearily but simply, "nothing." She would have the body taken to the undertaker's and buried from there, and then she would go home.

I turned to go and gave her my card, saying that I should be but too happy to be of service, and started out; but as my eyes fell upon the face of the dead man I saw, with a shock that I fear I shall never forget, that it was the murderer of my vision, without any shadow of doubt.

The next day brought me a package by post, in which was a pack of cards and a slip of paper, on which was written: "It is all over town, and the unhappy sight you were forced to witness has wrought its result. The man you saw die yesterday slew his half brother for a fancied wrong, the pretext of a quarrel at cards being a subterfuge. As soon as my husband knew that his brother had not supplanted him in his father's affections he became the victim of a remorse as terrible as imagination could paint. His father became almost a maniac when he heard of his younger son's supposed suicide, and as my husband dared not own himself a murderer to that poor old father, he suffered such tortures as you can imagine. He was a man of powerful will and could control himself while awake, but as soon as he would sleep it seemed as if his will escaped from his body and seemed to fly through space, and no matter where we were—and we traveled everywhere—he would return in spirit to that fatal room. He told me all, and I loved him well enough to love him still and to pity him infinitely, and of all he ever saw, you and one other woman were all to whom he could ever show the tragedy plainly. He has told me that sometimes in his baffled rage he would long to be there in body to be able to kill the sleeper. This other woman died, and at last you made public what convinced the father that his beloved son had not been guilty of self-destruction, but he never dreamed of suspecting his older son, so that he died content. We were on our way to Savannah, where we both were born. I send you this to thank you, and to ask you to publish it, as a true story which may work good among passionate ones who let unreasoning anger and suspicion have their sway. You will not see me again. Before you receive this I shall have joined my dear husband. Perhaps God will be merciful to him in pity for his suffering. Good-by."

That was all. No address; no name. The papers next day recorded the death of an unknown woman at a lodging house. She was buried from the money found on her person. At the same time the corpse of the strange man was also buried by the undertaker. It was a sad and unsatisfactory ending to this singular mystery, in which I was unwillingly made an actor.

If any one can explain how such a thing could be I should be glad to know it. In the meantime I assure such persons as may read this that every word written in this story is actually true, as far as I am concerned, and as for the rest, I believe it, though I cannot understand it.

AMONG THE COCOANUTS.

How They Grow---Usefulness of the Products of the Cocoanut Palm.

[American Agriculturist.]

The cocoanut makes its first appearance above ground with a delicate fern-like shoot. Another and another follows until the growing plant looks like a gigantic fern. Then a couple of leaves turn yellow, brown, and bright russet, and drop off, and you see a foot of stem between the remaining leaves and the ground. It takes from seven to ten years to send the tree up to a height of twenty feet. Then it begins to bear. The first crop of nuts is from fifteen to twenty-five a year. When it is in full bearing a tree will make an annual yield of from eighty to 100 nuts, or even more.

The cocoanut propagates with amazing readiness. A nut washed ashore on some tropical beach is rolled up by the tide. Then the rain rots the husk, and the winds bury it in the sand, and the next year a cocoanut palm is springing from the arid ground. The trees protect the tropical beaches from the action of the tides. Their roots spread out and interlace into a tough and matlike network, which opposes a wall of vigorous resistance to the gnawing and encroachments of the sea.

Every one knows what the ordinary cocoanut of commerce looks like. In nature, however, it is enclosed by a thick, tough husk, fibrous on the inside, and from two to three inches thick, but covered without by a smooth, light green rind. This husk is either split with a blow of a heavy wood-knife and torn from the nut, or else the nut is husked by splitting the rind on an iron blade set in a log. It is from the fibre of the husk that the mats and cordage of commerce are made. The fibre is rot-proof in water, and in tropical ships is popular in the form of coir rope. The uses of the cocoanut in all forms are manifold. The value of the fruit for food is its least recommendation. The meat of the nut is macerated and soaked in water, and pressed, when it yields a rich oil, very pleasant in flavor at first, but soon growing rancid on exposure. This oil is also obtained by boiling the meat, and furnishes a stearine for candles. It is used pure for burning, and in soap making. Soap made from cocoanut oil forms a lather in salt water. Mixed with resin, the oil makes a valuable pitch for caulking. It is largely used in tropical cookery, and on holidays many of the aborigines and blacks besmear themselves with it as if it were a perfume. The meat from which the oil is obtained is savory, but, being rich in fat, is very indigestible.

A green cocoanut contains only a milky fluid, which generally consolidates on the inside of the shell. When the nut becomes over-ripe on the tree, only a watery milk is left in the shell. This rapidly sours, when the nut becomes worthless. If it is picked, however, before it grows too old, the milk preserves its sweetness.

The leaves of the cocoanut palm furnish the most durable thatch known in the tropics. They are also extensively worked into mats, screens, baskets, boxes, and so on. When dampened and exposed to the sun until the green portion rots, the fibre is carded and woven into coarse cloth. The wood is fine grained and hard, and is used in ornamental work under the name of porcupine wood. The fibrous heart of the old stems is made into cordage. The husk is used for burning, and makes an excellent scrubbing brush.

A French "Barn-Storming" Troupe.

[French Cor. Philadelphia Times.]

It was eight o'clock when I entered the house and already it was full, and so too were a good many of the men. A platform of four planks on trestles, with four oil lamps that gave forth more smoke than light, formed the stage. The female spectators were seated on improvised benches of planks and boxes, which bent under their weight. Behind them were, with one exception, the male spectators, some of them perched on the window-sills. The only orchestra was the sea wind that whistled through many an open space and the breaking of the waves on the golden sand along the beach. The exception I have alluded to was the Maire, who, by virtue of his official rank, had been given a seat in the front row among the handsomest ladies. The performance was composed of character dancing, acrobatic feats, sleight-of-hand tricks, all flavored with a good deal of horse-play and jokes so old that Shem, Ham and Japhet must have resorted to their use to while a weary hour away when out in the Ark. To the audience, however, all that the performers did had apparently the flavor of novelty. The married women and the young girls fairly shook from head to foot with laughter. Many of them were quite pretty, with that yellow-brown hair such as is only to be seen on the coast of Normandy, and those downy, tanned cheeks that leave a taste of the salt air on your lips after you have kissed them. More than once did a whole row come to grief as a bench broke down under their excited movements. The laughter was contagious, and the men—fishermen, field laborers, stable boys and waiters, for most part—joined heartily in the shrill shrieks of the gentle sex.

At a Recent Soldier's Reunion.

[Peck's Sun.]

A touching incident is reported as having occurred at Indianapolis during the recent reunion of the boys in blue. An aged colored man and his grandson, stood on the walk, looking at the procession as it passed by. The little fellow, full of childish thoughtless humor, thought he saw something funny, and began to titter and laugh. The aged grandfather, with a solemn look and sincere tone of voice, reprimanded the boy, saying: "Don't ye laff at dem ole soldier mens, son; da don't look so mighty fine now, but when yo old grandaddy fust saw 'em comin' down yander in South Calina, da looked mighty like angels of de Lord. Da don't step so spry and spruce as da used to, but da brought d'liberance to me and mine. Don't do it agin, son." What a train of thought there must have been passing through that gray-haired old colored man's brain as he looked upon that procession of veterans. He could see, in his mind's eye, his former situation, how he was born in bondage and slavery and toiled. He could remember how he used to call on God, in the quiet hours of the night, to set him free. And well did he remember the day that prayer was answered, when those men, now fast growing old, and whose ranks are being thinned out year after year, came, and he felt he was a free man. What emotions must have pervaded that old colored man's whole being as he stood there and looked upon that procession of old soldiers, taking a retrospective glance over his life. His reprimand meant far more than the simple words he spoke.

"Gath's" Tribute.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Hugh Hastings is dead; a man of kind disposition and no Pharisee. He did not think his paper was a koran and fear to render a passing chap a service in it. He made friends every day, and hence his circulation was larger than his talent for the press.

THE PROMPTER'S DUTY.

A Character Which Is in Every Cast and Yet Is Not Permitted to Strut His Brief Hour Upon the Stage.

[Chicago Herald.]

"What do I have to do?" said an old stage prompter, who is now enjoying his vacation, to a reporter who inquired of him something about the duties of that theatrical personage. "Well, I commence with the rehearsal of the piece by distributing the parts to the various people. While the stage manager is directing at rehearsals the prompter is kept busy writing out the parts for the changes of scene to guide the stage carpenter, a list of properties required for the property man, schedules of the furniture and tapestries to be borrowed, and of the wardrobe required for the supers."

"Do you find the work hard?"

"I should say I did. If any one fancies they are easy let him try once, and he will soon be convinced to the contrary. It is a great deal more difficult to stand in the wings with a play-book in your hands, and follow what is being said, than it is to do it from the front of the house. The prompter must follow the piece line for line. If an actor falters in his speech for a moment the prompter must throw him the word he is groping for. If an actress looks appealingly at an audience the prompter knows she is stuck and immediately gives her the needed cue. Some players boast that they never stick. No matter if they had totally forgotten their lines they say something, and I have never seen the difference noticed by the audience yet."

"Do you remember any instances of that kind?"

"Once; when I was making the rounds of the Pacific slope I went to see a performance of 'Macbeth' by the company of a friend of mine at San Francisco. The players were a band of regulation old-time ranters, and the fellow who played the part of the wicked Macbeth was so far gone in his cups that he 'gagged' the part more than once in the first scene. In the middle of the second scene he was entirely lost for his lines, but he hesitated only for a moment, when he threw his arms around Lady Macbeth's waist, and drawing her up to him coolly said: 'Let us retire, dearest chuck, and con this matter over in a most sequestered spot, far from the busy haunts of men. Here the walls and doors are spies, and our every word is echoed far and near. Come, then, let's away! False heart must hide, you know, what the heart dare not show.' They made their exit amidst a roar of applause, and I thought that man had no use for a prompter, sure enough."

"With whom do you experience the most difficulty?"

"Amateurs or raw actors are my horror. The debutante is another. She will forget her lines the moment she goes on, and become so nervous that she can scarcely repeat those the prompter reads to her."

"Do you remember any particular instances of that kind?"

"Yes; I remember one young lady who set herself up for a Juliet. She appeared, supported by a lot of country people, and lost every line, as usual. I succeeded in putting her through the first scene, but when the famous balcony scene was on, her mother, an old lady, stood on the ladder behind her reading the speeches word for word, which she repeated after her. But mamma was a heavy weight, and the ladder, a weak invention, gave way in the middle of the farewell. The old lady tumbled forward against the rickety staging of the balcony and it fell against the set-piece that screened it from the audience, Juliet, mother, balcony and all toppling down on the gushing Romeo, who, by the time he was extricated from the wreck, was as mournful a lover as the play represents him to be."

Chief Justice Taney and the Dred Scott Case.

Two letters in the October Century are interesting as showing that Chief Justice Taney has been misunderstood in relation to his decision in the Dred Scott case. One of the letters says in part: "The chief justice merely asserted a fact, and did not decide that the negro had no rights that a white man was bound to respect.' Judge Taney never held such an opinion and it is an insult to his memory to make such an assertion.

"Allow me to state some facts relative to Judge Taney's feelings toward the colored race. Some thirty years before his death he freed his slaves. This proves that he was no lover of slavery. On one occasion, talking of the colored people, with much emphasis, he said: 'Thank God that at least in one place all men are equal in the church of God. I do not consider it any degradation to kneel side by side with a negro in the house of our Heavenly Father.' On another occasion, speaking of the Dred Scott decision, he remarked, that 'no matter what might be his feelings in regard to this question of slavery, his oath bound him to interpret the law under the constitution.' This was his higher law—the oath he had taken when he accepted the position as chief justice of the United States supreme court. A purer, a more conscientious man never wore the ermine; a more faithful servant the government of the United States never had. It was his fidelity to duty that cost him his life, as I personally know. I knew him intimately for several years. He spoke with sadness of our late troubles, wishing from his heart that some statesman would rise up and prevent the fratricidal contest."

The Wife of Robert Burns.

[The Century.]

The old ladies said that their mother had liked "Jean" on the whole; though "at first not so weel, on account of the connection being what it was." She was kindly, cheery, "never bonny;" but had a good figure, danced well and sang well, and worshiped her husband. She was "not intellectual;" "but there's some say a poet shouldn't have an intellectual wife," one of the ingenuous old spinsters remarked, interrogatively. "At any rate, she suited him, an' it was ill speering at her after all that was said and done," the younger niece added, with real feeling in her tone. Well might she say so. If there be a touching picture in all the long list of faithful and ill-used women, it is that of "bonnie Jean"—the unwedded mother of children, the forgiving wife of a husband who betrayed others as he had betrayed her—when she took into her arms and nursed and cared for her husband's child, born of an outcast woman, and bravely answered all curious questioners with: "It's a neebor's bairn I'm bringin' up." She wrought for herself a place and an esteem of which her honest and loving humility little dreamed.

Making Herself Young.

[French Paper.]

Mme. de B., who will not acknowledge even to herself that she is growing old, although she has a son of 15 and tall for his age, has found an ingenious means of keeping up her illusions. She has her son naturalized as a Scotchman, which permits her to dress him in short clothes and to let him go with uncovered limbs.

Appreciation.

[Chicago Times.]

Biggs had eaten pretty heartily. He left the table before his host and hostess, excusing himself, of course, as in politeness bound. "Excuse yer?" exclaimed Farmer Sparrowgrass; "oh, get out! I love to see a man eat."

Pretty Catchalls.

[Detroit Free Press "Household."]

Pretty catchalls are made of paper fans, with the rivet which holds the sticks together withdrawn and a cord substituted. The fan is drawn together and one stick lapped upon the other and fastened, thus making a cone-shaped receptacle. A cornucopia of coarse, strong paper is fitted into this, and ribbon passed in and out between the sticks forms bows in front. A ribbon loop is attached by which to suspend the catchall.

SOLITUDE.

[Ella Wheeler in The Minnehahan.]

Laugh and the world laughs with you;
  Weep, and you weep alone,
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
  But has trouble enough of its own.

Sing, and the hills will answer;
  Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
  But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
  Grieve, and they turn to go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
  But they do not need your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are merry;
  Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
  But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
  Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give and it helps you live,
  But no man can help you die.

There is room in the halls of pleasure
  For a large and lovely train,
But one by one we must all file on
  Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Winter Excursion Tickets to the South.

The Pan-Handle Route, (Pittsburgh Cincinnati & St. Louis Railway, and Chicago, St. Louis & Pittsburgh Railroad), has the pleasure to announce that Excursion Tickets, at greatly reduced rates, to all the prominent Winter Resorts in Florida and the South are now on sale, regularly, at the principal offices of the Company, and on application can be procured from the agent, at any station on the line. These tickets are good going 15 days from date of sale, and good to return until June 1st, 1884. Jacksonville, Thomasville, Mobile, New Orleans and the prominent South Coast points, can be reached with one change of cars from any point on the Pan-Handle line. No other route offers more complete facilities, quicker time, or lower rates. Inquiries regarding routes, rates, time and connections will receive prompt and cheerful attention, if addressed to any of the Company's agents, or to E. A. Ford, General Passenger Agent, Pittsburgh, Pa.
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Polishing the wrong End.

Many men daily polish their boots who never give a thought to the condition of their hair except to brush it casually with brush and comb, or submit it to the paralyzing attention of the average barber. And what happens? Why this: From neglect, mental anxiety, or any of a score of causes the hair turns prematurely gray and begins to fall out. Parker's Hair Balsam will at once stop the latter process and restore the original color. An elegant dressing, free from grease.

What you keep by you, you may change and mend; but words once spoken can never be recalled.

Where we may not be able to extirpate an evil, it is still our duty to do what we can to lessen it.

$2,500 VERSUS $1 50

"I spent $2,500, with other doctors," writes Mr. J. W. Thornton, of Claiborn, Miss., "Samaritan Nervine however alone cured my son of fits." This is on a par with hundreds of others, speedy but thorough.

Heaven's gates are wide enough to admit every sinner in the universe who is patient.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.—One of our prominent business men said to us the other day: "In the spring my wife got all run down and could not eat anything; passing your store I saw a pile of Hood's Sarsaparilla in the window and I got a bottle. After she had taken it a week she had a rousing appetite, and did her everything. She took three bottles and it was the best three dollars I ever invested." C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

All things have some kind of a standard by which their worth are to be estimated.

I have been very much benefited by a 50-cent bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. When I began using it my Catarrh was so bad I had headache the whole time and discharged a large amount of filthy matter. That has almost entirely disappeared and I have not had headache since to amount to any thing. Please send me two more bottles.—JOHN H. SUMMERS, Stepney Conn.

True love is always firm and true firmness is always love.

Rock Candy Cough Cure.

Warranted to cure or money refunded, Cold Coughs, Hoarseness, Throat and troubles (also good for children.) Rock Candy Cough Cure contains the healing properties of pure white Rock Candy with Extracts of Roots and Herbs. Only 25c. Large bottles $1.00 cheapest to buy. For sale by L. K. Anderson.

Study the past if you would divine the future.

From Col. C H Mackey, 23 Iowa Infantry: I have derived more benefit from Ely's Cream Balm than anything else I have ever tried. I have now been using it for three months and am experiencing no trouble from Catarrh whatever. I have been a sufferer for twenty years.—C. H. MACKEY, Sigourney, Iowa, Feb, '83.

CATARRH.—Without assuming to write out a thesis of this universal ailment, facts warrant our saying that it seems that it never was so prevalent as the present season.

The above is preliminary to the following viz: That Messrs. Hood & Co., of Lowell, believe that the only way to obtain permanent relief from catarrh is through the blood. A constitutional disease requires a constitutional remedy. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a blood purifyer and constitutional medicine that can be relied upon, and has cured numerous cases of Catarrh in its various forms. We think this claim a reasonable one and gladly give it room in our columns. Nov. 17-4t

For three winters I have been afflicted with Catarrh and Cold in the Head. I used Ely's Cream Balm; it accomplished all that was represented.—T. F. McCORMICK Common Pleas Judge), Elizabeth, N. J. (Price 50 cents.)

THE SUN.

NEW YORK, 1884.

About sixty million copies of THE SUN have gone out of our establishment during the past twelve months.

If you were to paste end to end all the columns of all THE SUNS printed and sold last year you would get a continuous strip of interesting information, common sense wisdom sound doctrine, and sane wit long enough to reach from Printing House square to the top of mount Copernicus in the moon, then back to Printing House square, and then three quarters of the way back again.

But THE SUN is written for the inhabitants of the earth; this same strip of intelligence would girdle the globe twenty seven or twenty eight times.

If every buyer of THE SUN during the past year spent only one hour over it, and if his wife or his grandfather has spent another hour this newspaper in 1883 has afforded the human race thirteen thousand years of steady reading night and day.

It is only by little calculations like this that you form any idea of the circulation of the most popular American newspaper, or of its influence on the opinion of American men and women.

THE SUN is, and will continue to be, a newspaper which tells the truth without fear of consequences which gets at the facts no matter how much the process costs, which presents the news of the world without the waste of word and in the most readable shape which is working in the cause of honest government and which believes that the Republican party must go and must go in the year of our Lord, 1884.

If you know THE SUN you will read it with accustomed diligence and profit during what is sure to be the most interesting year of its history. If you do not know THE SUN it is high time to get into the sunshine.

Terms to Mail Subscribers.

The several editions of THE SUN are sent by mail, postpaid, as follows:

DAILY—50 cents a month; $6 a year; with Sunday edition, $7

SUNDAY—Eight pages. This edition furnishes the current news of the world, special interest to everybody, and literary reviews of new books of the highest merit. $1.

WEEKLY—$1 a year eight pages of the best matter of the daily issues; an Agricultural Department of unequalled value, special market reports and literary scientific, and domestic intelligence make The Weekly Sun the newspaper for the farmer's household. To clubs of ten with $10 an extra copy free.

Adress I. W. ENGLAND Publisher
Nov17-6w. THE SUN N. Y. City.

Clothing advertisements are monotonous reading, no matter how attractive they can be made. Indeed, what is there to say? Every dealer in town has the largest stock—so that's settled. Every dealer, too, leads the styles, and sets the fashions, and does all the business, and sells his goods the cheapest; every one is opening immense lines every day, is doing a rushing trade, is frowning down upon all competitors as unworthy to be in the same city with him. These facts we glean from the papers, which, as usual, tell the truth. So we must, alas, bring up in the rear after all these great operators—Bears in the Clothing Market, so to say—with a very modest story, which hasn't even the merits of length to recommend it.

Our workshops are busy night and day, our Stock is complete and nice, prices are low, and we very much wish you'd come and see us.

HACK, THE TAILOR,
415 Main Street.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. It insures health and natural sleep, without morphine.

"Castoria is so well adapted to Children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks, What cures their fevers, makes them sleep; 'Tis Castoria.
When babies fret and cry by turns, What cures their colic, kills their worms, But Castoria.
What quickly cures Constipation, Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion, But Castoria.
Farewell then to Morphine Syrups, Castor Oil and Paregoric, and Hail Castoria!

CENTAUR LINIMENT—an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c. The most Powerful and Penetrating Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy known to man.

BENJ. COE,

The Old Reliable Stove and Tin Man,

MAIN REET. OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE.

Can sell you at bottom prices, Cook Stoves, Oil-Stoves, Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware, and any thing in the House Furnishing line, a full stock o which is constantly kept on hand.

Tin Roofing and Spouting

A specialty, and at terms that can not be excelled, if duplicated. Call or write for estimates.

J. POCOCK & SONS

Want you to visit them and examine their

Dress Goods at 8c. per yd

Black Cashmeres,

Coats and Dolmans,

Lace and Linen Collars,

Hosiery & Underwear,

BLANKETS,

Towels and Crashes,

Flannels,

Sugars,

In fact all their Goods.

Compare prices, and then buy of them and you will be on the safe side.

FARM FOR SALE.

193 Acres in Washington Township, Coshocton County.

145 cleared, 125 in grass, 50 acres of bottom, timber principally Oak, Chestnut and Poplar. Farm is in good condition, well watered, good spring at the kitchen door. The buildings consist of a frame house of eight rooms, a log barn 30X60, log stable, a grain house 20X30, corn crib and wagon shed, and other out buildings; 2 young orchards of apples, peaches and grapes. Two miles from New Moscow, 3 from Wakatomika. Convenient to church and school. For further information address
JOHN F. HAMILTON,
Nov21-3m. Wakatomika, O.

WANTED—LADIES AND YOUNG MEN wishing to earn $1 to $3 every day quietly at their homes, work furnished; sent by mail; no canvassing; no stamps required for reply. Please address EDWARD F. DAVIS & CO. 58 South Main Street, Fall River, Mass.

POETS Burns, 50c., Byron, 50c., Mrs. Browning, 50c., Campbell, 40c., Chaucer, 50c., Coleridge, 50c., Cowper, 50c., Dante, 50c., Dryden, 50c., Goethe 70c., Goldsmith, 50c., Hemans, 50c., Iliad and Odyssey, 70c., Hood, 50c., Ingelow, 50c., Keats, 40c., Meredith, 50c., Milton, 50c., Moore, 50c., Pope 50c., Poe 40c., Schiller 40c., Scott 50c., Tennyson 50c., Virgil 40c., and others. Fine cloth binding. Sent for examination before payment on evidence of good faith. Catalogue free. NOT sold by dealers. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 18 Vesey St., New York.

MUSIC WITHOUT A TEACHER—Soper's Instantaneous Guide to Keys of Piano and Organ. Price $1. Will teach any person to play 20 pieces of music in one day. You couldn't learn it from a teacher in a month for $20. Try it and be convinced. Sample copy will be mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents in stamps by HEARNE & CO., Publishers, P. O. Box 1487, New York.

MONEY!

You can make money by

READING

THIS COLUMN

And heeding it.

FIRST,

We want to say to the People throughout the County that the best place to advertise is

Over the Counter

Which we are doing, and which is the secret of our fast increasing trade. But some of you who will read this live many miles from us, and seldom, if ever, come to our town. To such we say it will pay you to call once, then you will not doubt our Newspaper advertisement when we claim that we can save you more money in a year than any firm in the County!

We want all the

COUNTRY PRODUCE

We can get.

To the Citizens of Roscoe and Coshocton:

We run a delivery wagon and will take to your door without extra charge, any thing you may want in the Provision line.

To Teachers:

When you get ready to "treat" your scholars look at our Confectionery and get our prices, and we will be sure to get your orders.

To all: Come and try us

J. N. Edwards & Co.

Stewart's old Stand,
ROSCOE, OHIO.

Sign of "THE PEOPLES STORE."

NewspaperARCHIVE®

Catarrh

this season of the year everybody has a , and some very bad ones. By frequent sures the membranes of the nose become sensitive, catarrh and influenzas are epi- le. Relief may be obtained by the use of P's Sarsaparilla.
r many years in succession beginning so back I don't remember when, I had the rh in my head. It consisted of an exces- flow from my nose,

Ringing and Bursting Noises
y head. Sometimes the hearing in my ear was effected. Five years ago, about season of the year, I began to use Hood's aparilla. I was helped right away, but I nued its use until I felt myself cured. Eliza H. Canfield, Lowell, Mass.
ome Browwell, merchant and extensive r at Victor, Ontario county N. Y. writes: ve used Hood's Sarsaparilla for my ca- , and it has helped me. I consider Hood's aparilla one of the best remedies for blood se to be obtained."

00 Doses One Dollar
have been troubled with that distressing , catarrh, and have been using 's Sarsaparilla, and find it one of the remedies I have ever taken. My trouble asted ten years, and never could get any until I commenced to use Hood's Sarsa a." Martin Shield Chicago, Ill.

Danger from Catarrh
nd upon the amount and extent of the ulous infection. Unquestionably many s from consumption can be traced to cted catarrh. There is a violent distress, ated and coughing spells, the eyes weep ore discharges copiously, and the head s about to spat
Hood's Sarsaparilla corrects catarrh by its action in discharging the from the blood through natures great is so that healthy sound blood reaches embranes and is wholesome.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Id by druggists. $1, six for $5. Prepared I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell,

BACCO CHEWERS
A REWARD
555 CASH, 1,000 Imported Novelty Pocket Knives and 5,000 pounds of the Great
ZOO-ZOO
CHEWING TOBACCO
BE GIVEN AWAY!
RY CONSUMER saving over 30 tags will EWARDED, $100 to 1st, $80 to 2d, $80 $70 to 4th, $60 to 5th, $50 to 6th, $40 to 7th, to 8th, $20 to 9th. $10 to 10th, $5 to 11th, 0 Imported Pocket Knives worth $1 each, ,000 pounds ZOO-ZOO Plug Tobacco, to en in rotation, the largest number of tags re- will receive the first reward, $100 Cash, highest, $90, and so on down to a list, plug ZOO-ZOO tobacco. These Christmas and New rewards will be distributed between Decem- th and January 1st. Chew this delightful to- , the best ever made. Save the tags and send by mail, between December 15th and 25th, to the
LSON & McCALLAY TOBACCO CO.
MIDDLETOWN, OHIO.
Put address out and paste on Envelope.
S THE FINEST POUND PLUG EVER MADE.
K YOUR DEALER FOR ZOO-ZOO.
Insist on having it and you will use no other.

TID BITS
"A delicate bit, a rarity, a choice thing"—Encyclopedia
SOLD BY STOREKEEPERS!
J. A. BARTLETT & CO., Makers,
3, 115 and 117 N. Front St., Phila, Pa.

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

The many great improvements intro- d in the manufacture of the Jas. Boss' Watch Case, have led to similar im- ements in the making of silver cases. nder the old methods, each part of a r case was made of several pieces of l soldered together, requiring a great unt of cutting and soldering, which ned the metal and gave it the pliability ad rather than the elasticity of silver. nder the improved methods, each part he Keystone Silver Watch Case is made ne solid piece of metal hammered into be. The advantages are readily appar- for every one knows that hammering dens the metal while soldering softens it. o test the superiority of the Keystone er Watch Case, take one of 3 oz. weight, s it squarely in the center when closed, it will not give, while a case of same ght of any other make will give enough reak the crystal. The Keystone Silver tch Case is made only with silver cap gold joints.

3 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Phila- lia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how . Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(*To be continued.*)

MADE ON PURPOSE.

of Those Mistakes(!) Which e More Frequent than Profit- able.

"Pa, my child, this is not BENSON'S CAP- POROUS PLASTER," said a father to the daughter, after examining a package al just brought from the drug store.
n't it, Papa? I'm sorry, but I asked the for Benson's. I know I did, and he took 5 cents you gave me to pay for it with," med the child positively. "Maybe the e made a mistake."
I go 'round myself and see," was the gen man's comment, as he donned his coat and
"Why didn't you send me Benson's plaster, ead of this cheap and trashy thing?"
"I thought that would suit you just as
"ou thought! you thought! What business you to think? I don't pay you for think- put on filling my order," said the indig- caller, contemptuously. "There! take thing back and give me my money, I'll hat I want elsewhere."

D. NICHOLAS ....E. W. JAMES
NICHOLAS & JAMES,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Coshocton, O.—Will promptly attend to in Law, Collections and all Law Business sted to their care.
e: On Third St., Opposite Public Square

GARMENTS RENOVATED!
kinds of Dyeing, Scouring and Cleaning of 's and Gents' Apparel, done at the
WOOLEN FACTORY, IN ROSCOE.
so, CARPETS Cleaned, Washed and Dyed, by best eastern mechanic, who has entire charge is department of the business. Terms, rea- sep8 3m.

THE ONLY WAY
... RESTORE LOSS of VIRILE ... and PERMANENTLY cure ... SEXUAL DISEASE, even those seem- ... Further, particular information ... Method, Wellock, Impediments to it and ... fully demonstrated in the standard ... work "Anchor of Hope", 150 pages, ... based on a German physician's exper- ... Forwarded, carefully wrapped ... post-paid, to any address for 25 cts. in ... stamps.—Address GLOOK & SON, Book- ... 218 S. High Sts., COLUMBUS, O.

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPI- LEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. Warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a Treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Postoffice. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

MAKING JOURNALISTS.

The Proposed School for Editors—A Novel Educational Departure.

Some of the Earlier Demands of the Institution—How to Interview a Man—Management of a Scandal.

[Kansas City Star.]

It is only of comparatively recent date that schools of journalism have been seriously mooted, but they are a fixed fact now, and not only have several leading eastern educational institutions taken steps to introduce them as special departments, but quite a number of prominent newspaper men have of late indorsed the idea.

Folks used to think that the instinct of a good reporter was born in him, like a desire to torture cats and other depravity, in children, and could not be grafted on by artificial process. The old-fashioned way of getting into the guild was to hang around the byways of the profession, with a large rope and a small appetite, until what is popularly known as a nose for news was sufficiently developed to slide into a "regular sit." Many believe that this nose was developed by continually surrounding it with a large, thick beer glass, and in this way that fell destroyer jimjams has laid its icy hand on many a bright, ambitious young man, who might otherwise be reporting base ball matches at as much as $8 a week. Starvation snatches out most of the rest, and what remain are at present ornamenting the profession.

There used to be no royal road to newspaperdom. It was a kind of survival of the fittest. The successful man had to have natural talents to start with, but they were molded into shape by hard knocks, and before he was full-fledged the chances were he had been "fired" more times than a locomotive engine going from Kansas City to San Francisco.

The new system of hot-house journalism will produce reporters without all these intermediary hardships, just as medical colleges turn loose ready-made doctors, without their experimenting on sawing off legs and devastating people's inside arrangements beforehand.

This is a first-rate scheme if it can be done. But in order to give the boys practical knowledge, they will have to be familiarized with all those episodes that usually come under a reporter's observation. It goes without saying that to do this there must be occasional dog fights on the college campus, conducted by the professor in canine-masticatus, and a boulevard provided, on which there can be a thrilling runaway at least twice a week. It will also be necessary to have slugging matches, an imitation police court, while to matriculate a student in St. Louis journalism, the president of the university must occasionally elope with the wives of the faculty, or spirit their old daughters away from home and throw them into the canal.

One of the earliest demands of this institution will naturally be a text book; something new and novel in the history of educational literature. To supply this want, a work has been prepared at enormous expense, which is designed to give the ambitious beginner a general idea of how the usual run of news is worked up and an insight into some office technicalities. It was the purpose of this article to give a brief review of the advance sheets of the book, but the subject is fascinating and it is easy to stray off of the main drift. The following cullings, however, will give a pretty good idea of the design:

In an interview, start off with something about sending up your card. You may not have had a deck with you, but it's all right anyhow. Then blaze away with your questions, taking care to keep the party interviewed as much in the background as possible, and bringing the reporter out strong. Let the reporter do most of the talking and express all the opinions, and the other man occasionally agree with him, so as to make paragraphs and have the article appear "gossipy." Ring in a puff for the paper, and intimate that the other reporters were laying all around the transoms and key-holes clubbing themselves. Wind up with, "the reporter bowed himself out." Never say, "the reporter kicked himself out."

A special article is a pleasant essay in which some one in possession of interesting facts makes a confidant of a reporter and deliberately tells him everything he doesn't want to see in print. The man who gives the thing away, is vaguely alluded to as a "detective," "a well-known citizen," "a prominent physician," etc. He turns his heart of hearts inside out and lets the reporter scrape it. If the facts are decidedly improper, so much the better. Specials are considered good Sunday reading. The opium habit is a recognized subject, and should be written up once a month. The article generally begins about a reporter loafing in a drug store, and the main pill butcher remarking how the opium habit has increased of late. Ring in something about a victim coming in all broke up and buying a dime's worth of morphine. It's a great starter. Then fire in your statistics. Work up a story about some away-up society ladies using the drug, and wind up by jumping on the Chinese dens and abusing the police for not pulling them. To write a good special on any subject you should be unbewildered by any real information or experience in it. In writing up a big fire, devote your opening stanza to generalities, and ring in something about the most disastrous conflagration in the history of the city. Next round, get down to business, and say the department was promptly on hand. Then slap in a glowing description of how the flames burst through the roof and licked up the mansard. Work in fire fiend, doomed building, destroying element, and heroic efforts of the firemen, as often as possible. Write in—"red tongues of flame" and "crash of falling walls" wherever you see any blank spots, and wind up the whole business with an account of how a prominent citizen called the firemen in and filled them up with taffy and tanglefoot—that will make you solid with the department, and the next time they have an entertainment they will let you advertise it for nothing for them.

A typographical error is the excuse given to a 250-pound man who calls to inquire why his name appeared in the police court report.

As to a scandal, get on the verge of decency, sit on it, and let your feet hang over the edge. Whenever you come to a rather tame stretch, cut it off short, and say: "The details are unfit for publication." Now reporters generally select the heaviest advertiser to write up in this shape, for such an effort is always sure to attract the attention of the business office and the proprietor of the paper. In fact, proprietors rarely, if ever, fail, after this sort of thing, to send immediately for the new man and raise his salary; or, if they can't raise it right away, they give him an order good on Saturday. Then they carefully erase his name from that list of celebrities known as the pay-roll.

A wood cut is a picture published in a contemporary. In a friendly critique upon it, it should always be alluded to as a patent medicine ad., worked over into an etching of Carey, the Irish informer, and afterward used as a ward map the day before election. If it is a picture of a local celebrity, ask vaguely what he has ever done to that paper. Never use the word reporter. It is too common, and may give folks the impression that you don't own the office. Always say "pencil-pusher," "scribe," or "news-gatherer." On the suburban press it is considered very recherche to say "yo reporter."

ABORIGINAL SOCIETY.

The Laws of the Gens in the Omaha Tribe of Indians.

[Chicago Times.]

At the recent annual session of the National Science association, M. C. A. Fletcher read the following paper on the laws and privileges of the gens in Indian society:

The work of placing the Omaha tribe of Indians upon the lands in severalty and adjusting the line of descent and inheritance according to the white law, has afforded me an opportunity for close observation of the general system and the tenacity of certain customs. A child who has lost its father or mother is considered an orphan. Its particular place is gone, and it passes into the gens. If it is the father who has died, unless the child is quite young, it is separated from its mother and gathered into the family of one of the father's relatives. The mother generally marries again, in a year or two, the children of her first husband are separated from her, and she bears a second family to the second husband. I have met instances where a woman has had three and even four sets of children. To the casual observer it would seem as though the mother had forgotten entirely each little brood soon after the father's death; but closer observation and acquaintance prove this untrue. The mother does not forget, but so imbred is the gens law in her life and thought that she never questions the right of being bereft of her offspring by the relatives of the father. Here and there appear strong characters, women who will not part with their maternal rights, and widows who remain single all their lives, but even these exceptions do not startle any one into contemplating this custom so deeply laid in Indian society. In grouping the people by their gens and into families, I have found men claiming children not of their own body, and with no idea of cheating, but because of this custom of the gens of distributing among the families the fatherless or motherless ones. In explaining the rights of a child to its parent's care, and particularly in maintaining the mother's right to her child, I am met with astonishment and indignation. Has she not married against the supposed unanswerable reply to my inquiry that nothing can cancel the tie of birth. I have found no point of white law of inheritance so difficult to make clear to the Indian mind as the inalienable right of a child to its living parent. This difficulty throws considerable light on the point how far the family, as a social unit, can be said to exist in gental society. It appears to be well proven that whether the gens goes with the father or mother, the right of a parent is secondary to the gens even in the disposal of the child. It is of common occurrence not to be able to secure the mother's name from a grown man whose she died in infancy or early childhood. No trace remains of the dead mother. The same may be said of the father's name under similar circumstances, though this is less common.

A Triple-Hulled Ship Proposed.

[New York Bulletin.]

An article lately published in The Bulletin on the tendency of modern shipbuilding to disregard stability in favor of speed has attracted much attention from maritime men, and has brought to our notice several plans designed to counteract this acknowledged danger while keeping in view the necessity of high rates of speed in order to compete with existing vessels. The original steamships were very wide in proportion to their length, thus preventing their capsizing and giving far more effectual resistance to a blow fore or aft. The lines, however, have become sharper and finer year by year, and the length of the vessel proportionally increased, until now, with scarcely more width than the early vessels of the Cunard or Collins line, the distance from end to end is doubled.

A reporter of The Bulletin a day or two ago called on Capt. William Coppin, of Londonderry, Ireland, who built the first screw propeller in Great Britain, and who has devoted much thought to this question. He is now temporarily in America, and was willing to explain his views to the reporter. After describing a "twin-hulled" vessel, the captain went on to say: "The method I should adopt would be, however, a triple hull instead of a double one—the centre boat to carry the engines and the screws. The two outer vessels would be built on much finer lines than any now existing, as, in fact, would the centre one, and the three would be so held together that it would be impossible for any storm to disunite them. Each of the two outer hulls would be 540 feet in length by twenty-five feet wide, and the total width at the extreme would be 120 feet. I calculate such a ship would carry in the neighborhood of 9,000 tons, and would cost about 15 per cent. more to build than another ship of the same capacity. The objects to be attained by it would be, in the first place, extreme stability, and next, great speed. You will readily conceive that no wave ever known in the north Atlantic could overturn a vessel 120 feet wide. Waves do not rise higher than twenty-six feet above the trough in great hurricanes, and of course the vessel takes a portion of this for purposes of flotation. The strength of ships as now built is so great that they could be suspended on a pivot, and, of course, by my plan, with greater thickness there will be still greater stiffness. Another element is speed. The chief obstacle to this is the resistance of the water, and it is this reason that has induced our chief shipbuilders to make the craft they turn out so narrow. By the plan I propose there will be less than ever before known. It is true the width of the submerged portion will be greater but its depth will be much less, and from the fact that all the curves are segments of a circle there will be very little resistance. Much more will be in the air and much less in the water than now. The use of ballast will not be necessary. To see for yourself whether this form is likely to move with rapidity you have only to look at a catamaran. No other vessel sails so quickly, and none is so safe. This vessel is really a catamaran worked by steam, and of a very extensive size. A third advantage the vessel will enjoy will be safety from accidents. Accidents, of course, will happen, but not serious enough to destroy the vessel. There could scarcely be a combination of collisions that could at once sink it. Each of the hulls are divided into a number of compartments."

[Chicago Times.]

M. Pivion defeats one of the favorite arguments of the anti-cremationists, if his statement is founded on well-ascertained facts, by declaring that all poisons which can be detected in a body can be as readily discovered in the ashes, so that, in cases of suspected crime, the ends of justice would not be prevented by cremation.

There are only six distilleries of rum in the country, and all six are in Massachusetts. Of nearly 500,000 gallons of rum exported last year the greater part went to Africa.

No molasses and water mixture, but a concentrated extract of the active medicinal properties of roots, barks, &c., is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A SURE CURE FOR SKIN DISEASES.
By DR. FRAZIER'S MAGIC OINTMENT. Cures as if by magic: Pimples, Black Heads or Grubs, Blotches, and Eruptions on the Face, leaving the skin clear, healthy and beautiful. Also cures Itch, Salt Rheum, Sore Nipples, Sore Lips, Old, Obstinate Ulcers and Sores etc Sold by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents. M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O. feb8-1y.

We are never so good as when we possess a joyful heart.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.
Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon a Female Remedy is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Will cure female diseases. All ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration falling and displacement of bearing down feeling, irregularities, barrenness, change of life, leucorrhœa, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like headache, bloating, spinal weakness, sleeplessness, nervous debility, palpitation of the heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Price $1.00 and $1.50 per Bottle. Send to Dr. J. B. Marchisi, Utica, N. Y., for Pamphlet, free. For Sale by L. K. Anderson.

R. E. FINLEY,................F. A. WERNET
FINLEY & WERNETT,
DENTISTS:
Coshocton, O.—OFFICE: Corner Main and Fifth Streets, near Depot. All business entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention —Dec.15'84

St. Jacobs Oil
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
Relieves and cures
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica, Lumbago,
BACKACHE,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY, SWELLINGS,
SPRAINS,
Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.
FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.
The Charles A. Vogeler Co
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)
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SAMARITAN
NEVER FAILS.
NERVINE
THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.
A SPECIFIC FOR
EPILEPSY, SPASMS,
CONVULSIONS, FALLING SICKNESS,
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OPIUM EATING, SYPHILLIS,
SCROFULA, KINGS EVIL,
UGLY BLOOD DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA,
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RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS WEAKNESS
NERVOUS PROSTRATION,
BRAIN WORRY, BLOOD SORES,
BILIOUSNESS, COSTIVENESS,
KIDNEY TROUBLES AND IRREGULARITIES.
$1.50 per bottle.
The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co., Proprietors.
St. Joseph, Mo. (11)
Correspondence freely answered by Physicians.
Sold by all Druggists.

CATARRH ELY'S

CREAM BALM
has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. An article of undoubted merit. Is convenient and cleanly. It causes no pain nor sneezing.
IT IS NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF.
HAY-FEVER
Apply by the finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications.
A thorough treatment will cure.
Unequaled for COLD in the HEAD Headache and Deafness, or any kind of mucous membranal irritations. Send for circular. By mail, prepaid, 50c a package —stamps received. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists,
nov25-1y. Owego, N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.
300 ACRES.
Four miles from Coshocton and one mile from Keene, Ohio, on Millersburg road. 240 acres cleared, 150 acres good bottom land, 60 acres timber. Frame house 42X28 one and a half stories, with one story addition 30X18, in all 18 rooms. Frame barn 76X40, with frame basement for horses, sheep and cattle, and room above for 100 tons of hay. Two frame sheep houses 40X22, 14 foot posts. Grainary and carriage house 28X18 one and a half stories. Corn crib 48X8, 9 foot posts, and all other necessary outbuildings. Also tenant house on premises. Buildings mostly new and in good repair. Plenty of living water, good fences, bearing orchards, &c. For terms call on premises, or address the subscriber,
G. W. NORMAN,
June23-tf. Aurora, Nebraska.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!
A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles, has been discovered by Dr. William, (an Indian remedy,) called DR. WILLIAM'S INDIAN OINTMENT. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of twenty-five years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions and instruments do more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed,) acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, and for nothing else.
For sale by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Sold by M. W. McNaughton & Co. Coshocton, O.

BASKET PLUG
TOBACCO
EXCELS ALL OTHERS IN
PURITY,
RICHNESS
And FLAVOR,
And is the
GREAT AMERICAN CHEW
EASY CHAIR
BAG GRANULATED, AND
WIDE AWAKE
LONG CUT,
Are the two most Popular, Delightful and Satisfactory SMOKING TOBACCOS of the day.
Price, 10 Cents for 4 oz. Packages.
SPENCE BROS. & CO., Cincinnati

R. J. STICKLE. SAM. H. NICHOLAS
STICKLE & NICHOLAS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
OFFICE in City Hall Building,
COSHOCTON, OHIO

REAL ESTATE AGENCY,
WEST BEDFORD.
Coshocton County, Ohio.
Investments profitably and safely made, first mortgage. All real estate advantageously handled, largely advertised. Arrangement have been made with reliable parties in Indiana, Missouri, Kansas and other States for information and sale of Western land.

SOME FARMS FOR SALE.
No. 41. 170 acres—Level, second bottom, clay loam and Walnut soil, all under fence; about 6 acres timber; nearly all in good sod; public road bordering it. South boundary, side track of P. C. & St. L. R. R. at way station; two and one-half miles from town of 1500 inhabitants, excellent market; nursery of 1200 peach trees; comfortable houses and out buildings; easily divided in two lots. No better farm in township; price $60 per acre, if sold soon, on good payments.
No. 22. 140 acres—An excellent hill farm; joins village containing stores, good school and two churches; $1800 house; good barn; well watered; no better sheep farm in township; young orchard; good timber; easy of access. Price, $60 per acre, $2,000 cash, extra good time.
Two 20 acre lots, three 40 acre lots, good locations and good fixtures. Price, from $40 to 65, according to improvements.

TOWN.
No. 10. A town lot, two story frame house and one and one-half acres land. First-class for shoemaker, $700.
No. 19. Store property, one and one-half acres land, story and a half house of 7 rooms, with store room, well, cistern and stable, in village 9 miles from P. C. & St. L. R. R. station. Price, $1500 in thirds. Also store goods in same, invoice $2500, average monthly sales, $600, stock profitably increased, sell or trade the whole for small tract of l

FOREIGN
100 farms in Daviess county, Indiana. Price $20 to 80. Satisfactory information furnished
100 acres in Wright county, Iowa, 100 acres broke, 30 acres pasture, fenced; young orchard; three and one-half miles from a town of 1800 inhabitants. Owner, a young man, lived on it for several years, now engaged in business. Price, $25 per acre.
100,000 acres of unimproved land. Price from $1.25 to $10 per acre.
100 farms from 40 to 1,000 acres. Price from $15 to $80 per acre.
I will select in person 40 acre lots of unimproved tillable or prairie land in South-west Missouri at $65 per lot.
Reference given, a liberal patronage solicited. S. M. MOORE.
Aug.18 9m.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

WANTED!
Everybody to know that I have bought the Shoe Shop of J. S. Stockman, and will continue (in the same room, No. 517 Main street) the manufacture of

BOOTS & SHOES,
And I ask a share of the public patronage. I will make a specialty of fitting up lasts and keeping them for all customers with bunions, corns, or any other deformity of the foot, always insuring them a comfortable fit.
REPAIRING
Neatly and substantially done. Please give me a call and I will do you good.
W. P. MEANS.
Oct6-3m.

THOROUGHBRED
BERKSHIRES
ARE BRED AND FOR SALE BY
SHEPHERD & DENT,
Newcomerstown, Ohio.
Our aim is to breed from the best, in order to secure the best. We have no competition with common stock. Parties desiring to improve their stock will find it to their interest to deal with us. Prices resonable. Correspondence solicited.
Oct20-3m.

PE-RU-NA
In this age of knowledge and doubt many are anxious to receive and more are over-willing to give relief; for every cough there are many syrups, and for all the pale there are heaps of Iron. Not a pain but what soothers come; to the weak are held tonics strong, and to every invalid is offered health through diuretics, expectorants or tonics, but we frankly tell you, you can get well and laugh them all to scorn by taking
—PERUNA—
Peruna cures Chronic Nasal Catarrh.
Peruna has no equal as a cough remedy.
Peruna never fails to effect a cure.
Peruna cures diseases of the Liver and Kidneys.
MENDON, WESTMORELAND CO., PA., January 23, 1883.
Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, Ohio:
Dear Sirs—I have the pleasure of stating to you that your medicine called, Peruna has done me more good than all the medicine I ever took. Yours truly,
E. H. GAFFENY.
—MANALIN—
Is an absolute cure for Constipation, Dyspepsia, and all Pelvic Diseases.
Price $1 per Bottle. Six Bottles, $5. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Directions in English and German.

EDSON BROS.
Patent Lawyers,
WASHINGTON, D.C.
Specialty:—Patent causes before the Patent Office and the Courts. Reasonable terms, Opinion as to patentability, free of charge. Send for circular.

Positive Cure for Piles.
To the people of this county we would say we have been given the Agency of Dr. Marchisi's Italian Pile Ointment—warranted to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c. a Box. For sale by L. K. Anderson.

E. T. SPANGLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Coshocton, O.—Office: North of public square, Chestnut Street, same as heretofore occupied by Spangler & Pomerene.

J. C. POMERENE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Coshocton, O.—Office: North public square, Chestnut street, same as heretofore occupied by Spangler & Pomerene.

J. M. COMPTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Coshocton, O.—Office: East side Public Square, in Equity Building.

HOWARD W. LUCCOCK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Main Street, over Commercial Bank.

THE MAHONING VALLEY
REAL ESTATE AGENCY
—OF—
NEWTON & WITHERSTAY,

Offer for sale the following property on easy terms:
A 10 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for $950.
A 50 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, at $65 per acre.
A 14½ acre farm in Paris, Portage county, for $900.
A 101 acres at $70 per acre.
A 30 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for $2,200.
15 acres for $1,000.
A 67 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for 3,000.
A Grist Mill, Woolen Mill and Saw Mill, two dwellings and land in Milton, Mahoning county, for 10,000.
142 acres, 60 per acre, in Windham.
A 221 acre farm in Milton, Mahoning county, for 45 per acre.
50 acres, 45 per acre, in Windham.
A 174 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 55 per acre.
A 105 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for 60 per acre.
A 65½ acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for 50 per acre.
A 39 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for 3,500.
A house, barn and 1 acre of land in Paris, Portage county, for 700.
A house, barn and 1 acre of land in Southington, Trumbull county, for 300.
A house, barn and 5 acres of land in Southington, Trumbull county, for 1,300.
192 acres at 58 per acre in Windham.
A 22 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 2,500.
51 acres for 4,600.
A 92 acre farm in Paris, Portage county, for 67 per acre.
A 20 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull county, for 1,700.
A 9 acre farm with steam saw mill in Newton, Trumbull county, for 2,500.
An 85 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 60 per acre.
A 30½ acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 2,500.
A 108 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 60 per acre.
A 125 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for 80 per acre.
A 25 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for 1,800.
A 15 acre farm with saw mill, cider mill and shingle machine in Nelson, Portage county, for 2,500.
A 70 acre farm in Paris, Portage county, for 60 per acre.
A 200 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull county, for 65 per acre.
A house and lot in Newton Falls, Trumbull county, for 1,000.
A 50 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 65 per acre.
A 35 acre farm in Southington, Trumbull county, for 50 per acre.
A house and lot in Berlin, Mahoning county for 1,000.
A 90 acre farm in Edinburg, Portage county, for 45 per acre.
House and lot in Newton Falls, Trumbull county, for 850.
Nine acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull county, for 900.
151 acre farm in Windham, Portage county, for 60 per acre.
112½ acre farm in Windham, Portage county for 65 per acre.
42 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull county, for 2,250.
House and lot in Newton Falls, Trumbull county, for 1,800.
170 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull county, for 40 per acre
75 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county for 75 per acre.
20 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 1,600.
240 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull county, for 45 per acre.
115 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for 75 per acre.
73 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull county for 50 per acre.
Fine hotel property in West Farmington, Trumbull county, for 2,000.
60 1-2 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for 2,000.
30 acre farm in Newton Trumbull county, for 1,500.
An 80 1-2 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for 3,500.
48 acre farm in Windham, Trumbull county for 1,600.
44 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull county, for 65 per acre.
House and lot in Newton Falls, Trumbull county, for 2,200.
House and lot in Newton Falls, Trumbull county, for 700.
House and lot in Atwater, Portage county, for 600.
An 83 1-2 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 75 per acre.
125 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 60 per acre.
36 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull county at 65 per acre.
We have other property in this vicinity that we will sell at prices and terms that will please the most fastidious.
The valley of the Mahoning is justly known as the Eden of Ohio for farming. All of our farms are near good schools, post offices, churches, grist, saw and cider mills, grain markets and all other improvements of civilization for which this fertile valley is famous. This valley constitutes part of the Western Reserve whose inhabitants are widely known for their intellect, hospitality and enterprise.
We have also city property in Cleveland to exchange for property in this vicinity.

Free conveyance to any of the property we have for sale. Parties at a distance coming to this vicinity to purchase farms, should let us know two or three days in advance, if convenient, so we can be sure and meet them.
For particulars, call on or address,

NEWTON & WITHERSTAY,
NEWTON FALLS, TRUMBULL COUNTY, OHIO.
Sep8.3m. BOX 321

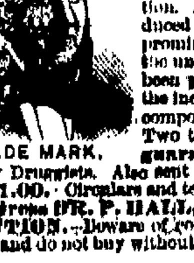
THEY HAVE COME AT LAST
AND
Will Make Competitors Howl.
The Biggest Stock of Ready made Clothing and Gents Furnishing Goods Just Received.

Embracing the finest make and latest styles to be had in Eastern markets. No Style, Cut, Color or Pattern you can ask for that we can not show, and will be sold at such low prices that others will not, dare not, meet.

SOLID FACTS.
Men's Suits in every shape and finely made,
Are opened now to the trade.
Those Over Coats so nicely made,
Will fit you I guarantee or no trade.
Those Hats so nice,
Are the Latest Styles and Lowest Price.
Those many Fine Shirts an assorted line you will find to astound mankind.
Those New Goods that are open to-day,
Will fit you so nice, I guarantee, or no pay.

I. WERTHEIMER,
Central Hall Clothing Emporium.

SOMETING NEW
ON SOUTH THIRD STREET,
THE BUCKEYE PLANING MILL CO.
All kinds of Shop work a specialty. Wood Turning and Stair Building done in No. one style and at reasonable prices. All kinds of
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Flooring, Moldings, &c.
Come and see us if you wish to purchase anything in our line. may5-6m,

CATARRH IN THE HEAD

TRADE MARK.
Can positively be cured by using DR. P. HALL'S CATARRH REMEDY. A new compound, entirely different from all other preparations. It is in the form of a fine ointment which is easily applied in the nostrils and ears, and reaches the seat of the disease by absorption. Pleasant to the smell, and most efficient in operation. For Hay Fever, also impaired Hearing, Sight, Smell and Taste, produced by Catarrhal disease, it is a positive cure. The most noted Physicians and prominent Druggists all over the land have given it their endorsement. We have the unsolicited testimonials of hundreds of prominent and reliable men, who have been permanently cured. Do not be humbugged by nostrums, prepared by the inexperienced and unreliable, but insist upon having this Excellent Remedy, compounded by a Physician who has made this disease a study for 30 years. Two to four bottles generally sufficient to effect an entire cure. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money refunded. It is a positive cure for Ear-ache. For sale by Druggists. Also sent by mail, post-paid, upon receipt of 50c. single bottle, package of two bottles, $1.00. Circulars and testimonials free.
Address DR. P. HALL, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, 880 State Street, Erie, Pa.
CAUTION.—Beware of counterfeits or imitations. The above Trade Mark will be found on every bottle, and do not buy without it.

TIME TABLE.
(PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI & ST. LOUIS R'Y.)
PAN-HANDLE ROUTE.
—O—
Schedule taking effect Jan. 14, 1883
Trains depart from and arrive at P. C. and St. L. Ry. Depot, at Coshocton, as follows:

GOING WEST.

	Depart	Arrive
Express	*1:23 a. m.	*2:18 a. m.
Express	*3:47 a. m.	*2:47 a. m.
Accommodation	†6:45 a. m.	†7:20 p. m.
Express	*1:10 p. m.	*11:30 a. m.
Express	*5:52 p. m.	*2:11 p. m.

GOING EAST.

	Depart.	Arrive
Express	*2:18 a. m.	*1:23 a. m.
Express	*2:48 a. m.	*3:47 a. m.
Express	*10:38 a. m.	*1:10 p. m.
Express	*2:40 p. m.	*5:53 p. m.
Accommodation	†7:20 p. m.	†6:18 a. m.

*Every day. †Except Sunday.

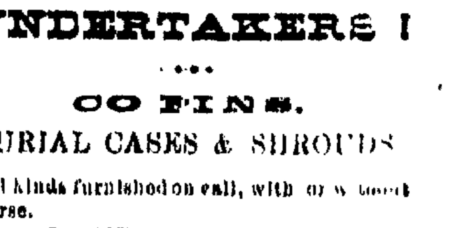
Local Freight going West leaves at 9:15 a. m., and carries passengers between Coshocton and Columbus. Going East leaves at 1:50 p. m., and carries passengers between Coshocton and Dennison.

Through coaches from Coshocton to Pittsburgh, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Coshocton to Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

For time tables, rates of fare, through tickets and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to W. H. Parish, Ticket Agent, Coshocton, O.
Trains run by Columbus time.

JAS. MCCREA, E. A. FORD
Manag Gen. Pass. Agt
Columbus, O Pittsburgh Pa

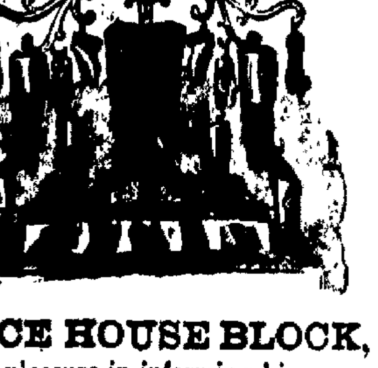
D. ROSE & SON,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
FURNITURE
AND GENERAL FURNISHING

UNDERTAKERS!
COFFINS.
BURIAL CASES & SHROUDS
of all kinds furnished on call, with or without Hearse.
RICKETTS' BLOCK,
Main Street, COSHOCTON. OHIO

The Buyers' Guide, No. 34, Fall and Winter, 1883, gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. Tells how to order with exact cost, 216 pages - large ones—3,300 illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Contains information gleaned from the markets of the world. No other price-book in existence contains as much information. Sent free to any address upon receipt of postage (7 cts). Let us hear from you, or visit us when in our city. Near Exposition Buildings. Respectfully,
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill

NERVOUS DEBILITY.
When all other remedies fail, DR. FRAZIER'S ROOT BITTERS will cure General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and all diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O 1eb1 1y.

B. F. SELLS'
LIVERY STABLE.
In rear of Central House.
Main Street, Coshocton, O
Having a good stock of sound, young traveling horses, substantial and fashionable carriages, I am prepared to accommodate the public at all times, at reasonable rates, with Buggies, Carriages, and Saddle Horses.
Horse Feed and Stalls Always Ready
Superintending my business in person, and keeping the best of employees, I am prepared to feed and take the best of care of horses ... trusted to my charge, at reasonable ... Give me a call. B. F. SELLS

NOTICE TO
TEACHERS.
The Board of School Examiners of Coshocton county, will meet at the
Old Union School House,
COR. THIRD & SYCAMORE STS.,
COSHOCTON, OHIO.
Second and fourth Saturdays of March, April September, October, November, and December, and on the fourth Saturday the remaining months of the year.
Examinations will commence promptly at
—NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.—
Each applicant will be required to pay to the Board of Examiners, before entering upon examination, a fee of
—FIFTY CENTS.—
Applicants are also required to furnish a stamped envelope with their address written thereon, on which the result of their examination will be forwarded to them by mail

GEO. T. KAGLE,
The People's Shoemaker.

PRICE HOUSE BLOCK,
Takes pleasure in informing his many patrons and the people generally that he gets up the best Boots and Shoes, does the neatest repairing for less money than any other shop in town. Call and examine work and prices and be convinced.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

EVERYBODY

Sells Cheap!

WE ALSO SELL CHEAP.

If you don't believe it call and see what we are doing.

We do not claim to do all the business, but only a part. But what we do sell seems to give satisfaction, as they always come back and buy more.

We offer this coming week our entire stock of Ladies' and Children's Wraps, consisting of 115 Paletots, Rusian Circulars and Newmarkets, at the exact cost. Our trade on these goods has been immense this fall. Now is the time to get a bargain in a wrap.

Come in and see those fine Block Plaids, half wool, something new, that we are selling at 10c. per yard, very cheap at 15c. Extra nice Brocade Dress Goods at 8c. per yard, cheap at 12½.

We also, have some very nice patterns Brocade at 6¼c.

We are closing out our all wool Hose at cost until entirely closed out. Extra good all wool Ladies' and Children's Hose at 25c. per pair, worth 40c.

Ask to see our 5c. Gingham.
" " 5c. Calico.
" " 5c. Muslin.
" " Heavy Sheeting at 6 and 7c.
" " 5c. Plaids, very heavy.
" " 20c. 22c. and 30c. Table Linen.

We also offer our entire stock of Ladies' and Gents Underwear at duce our stock for the first of January, 1884, at which time we take an inventory of stock. We have an endless variety of Chris'mas Goods.

We have 40 dozen all Silk Handkerchiefs that we bought at a Bargain, that we will sell at 25c., all new patterns and elegant styles.

Look at that 80c. Black Cashmere that we have and see if it don't match any in town at 90c.

We will make a present of one Pair Cream Damask Towels to any person buying from $3 00 worth of Dry Goods at our Store, worth 65c. per pair. No chance about this, but a sure thing.

Any person calling on us, whether to buy or not to buy, we will present them with a handsome Japanese Calander for 1884. An ornament to any parlor.

Give us a call and see if these are not facts.

HAY & RANSOM'S

Mammoth Store.

WONDERFUL!

The big Crowd that followed the removal of the

BIG WATCH

From the old stand in the City Hall Block to No. 2 Forbes' Block. The room is nice and the stock of goods the finest and prices so low that we have had more business than ever. The crowd continues to come and we want it to continue, as we will give them bargains never before equaled in the county. Don't forget the place or the name.

W. W. BOSTWICK,

The Big Watch Jeweler,

NO. 2 FORBES BLOCK,

Main Street, Coshocton, Ohio.

$2,000

WORTH

OF GOODS

—IN—

BROKEN LOTS,

—AT—

Wholesale Prices,

AT THE

Bee Hive Store

NEXT WEEK.

The lot consists of about

500 pairs of Ladies' and Children's Hose.

200 pairs of Men's Half Hose.

100 pairs Men's Suspenders.

100 white and scarlet Undershirts.

50 Knit Sacques.

100 Knit Hoods.

300 Handkerchiefs.

300 pieces of Neckwear.

50 Ladies' Leather Purses.

70 Corsets from 25 cts. up.

The prices we paid for these goods was extremely low, and they cannot last but a few days, we, therefore, advise you to CALL at ONCE, and secure some of the many bargains.

To Reduce Stock

BEFORE INVOICING,

We will give you some prices that will astonish you.

We have about 100 wraps left that we want you to see before you buy.

Everything you buy of us is guaranteed to be as low or lower than you can buy the same goods for elsewhere. And for every dollar's worth you buy, you will get one chance for a Christmas Present.

BIGGS & CRAWFORD.

Mr. Blaine's Keynote.

Hon. James G. Blaine has sounded a keynote. To give time for a full and fair discussion of his keynote, prior to the meeting of the next Republican National Convention, Mr. Blaine has written a letter to the Philadelphia Press, stating his objections to the distribution of the surplus revenue of the Federal Government among the States, and proposing as a substitute, if the National Government no longer needs the tax on spirits, that the entire amount it yields be paid to the States.

On our editorial page we make mention of the fact that a writer in the New York Sun makes the same suggestion, and it appears to us that it is a good one. The proposition to distribute the surplus revenue among the different States would open the way to fraud and peculation, and would result in harm.

There are three fatal objections, in Blaine's opinion, which make the proposition to distribute the Federal surplus unwise:

First, the utter uncertainty of the redundant revenue, which may be a million or a hundred millions, and unless steady, no State tax could be remitted on account of the receipt of this aid, while sporadic Federal contributions to the States would be wasted, as was the last distribution of Federal supplies.

Second, a division of this surplus would impose on Senators and Representatives a divided duty. For the sake of their States they would wish the surplus to be as large as possible, which would present a constant temptation to withhold appropriations from objects of a really national character.

Third, the assumption of a continuing redundancy of national revenue is opposed to all sound views of administration, because it is sure to lead to extravagance, corruption and all manner of schemes getting rid of the money.

Mr. Blaine having stated the evil effect of the proposed movement "in a nutshell," proceeds to argue that the distribution of a certain portion of the surplus revenue, the portion derived from the tax on spirituous liquors, could be remitted and State debts paid, or, if aid were divided among cities and counties, their expenses would be proportionately diminished. If the plan should be adopted Ohio would receive over five millions of dollars.

If you have any trade dollars keep them unless it is absolutely necessary that you use the 85 cents they are now worth. A Washington letter to daily paper says:

Nearly all of the trade dollars, it is ascertained at the treasury department, are in the hands of a few men, who paid for them an average slightly above 90 cents. Secretary Folger expresses a belief that Congress will pass a law early in the first session directing the director of the mint to purchase all of the trade dollars at par and turn them in as bullion. He will make a recommendation to that end in his annual report, no doubt. The war made on the trade dollar recently was but the shrewd trick of the New York bankers to buy up all those coins and hold them until they are at par. The move would yield them a handsome profit if they sold now. There are capitalists who will pay 97 or 98 cents for them, it is said, and they were bought very far below these figures in many instances. It will be well for those who have a quantity of trade dollars to hold onto them."

Secretary Sherman is opposed to Government redeeming the trade dollars, because, he says, they were issued for private speculators and the Government should have nothing to do with them.

Report of Section School

For the month ending Nov. 23, 1883. Number enrolled during the month, 53; average daily attendance, 39. Those who were present every day and not tardy are: Lizzie Roberts, Laura Shrigley, May Starkey, Zebba Cheney, Mollie Cheney, Willie Adams, Charley Adams, Charley Starkey, William Biggs and Tom Starkey. Others that were present every day are: Edie Bible, Eunice Keiser, Emma Bryant, James Akeroyd, Philip Bryant and Frank Keiser. Those of grade A in spelling whose average was 95 or over, are: Allie Norris, 100; Emma Daugherty, 100; Lizzie Roberts, 100; William Biggs, 100; May Starkey, 99; Zillie Eckels, 99; Alice Starkey, 98; Tom Starkey, 95; Sammy Biggs, 95. Edie Bible received the greatest number of head marks in spelling class B.

J. F. Barclay, Teacher.

The Bellaire, Zanesville and Cincinnati Railroad has been completed, the last rail having been laid Tuesday. It is a narrow gauge, and taps a section of country which yields large rade to Zanesville.

A Golden Opinion.

A well known author has said: "Every youth should live with an eye to old age. If he should die before he gets there it will never do him any harm." Just so should all youth be taught by their parents and teachers that Peruna the great tonic is just the remedy he needs for all the ailments to which flesh is heir. Many golden opinions of its value and of its unprecedented success have been recieved by its discoverers, all of which express the most unbounded confidence in its value as a remedy, and all tell what it has done for the afflicted.

C. H. Walron writes from Brooklyn, New York, that he began taking Peruna while at Conneauton, Pa., for a severe pain in his side after taking three bottles, the pain was almost entirely removed, and he now asks where he can get the world renowned tonic in Gotham He knows where he gets relief. Ask your druggist for Peruna and Manalin, also the "Ills of Life."

"GET THE BEST"

For the Presidential Year.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

The Leading Paper.

Heartily Republican in Politics.

The Tribune this year is cheaper than ever, and it promises to be better than ever. Unlike some of its would-be-rivals, it has not reduced character with price. It does not seek increased circulation by pandering to the tastes of the prurient or the vicious. A trusted, clean, wholesome, family paper, it has long enjoyed the largest circulation among the best people—the industrious, frugal and moral, whom every community recognizes as its best citizens—and it means to keep and increase this circulation by continuing to deserve it.

The Tribune is the leading New York daily—complete in news, strong and sound in comment, pure in tone, large and legible in print—spending money lavishly for news and as lavishly for brains to handle it. It gives with absolute fairness and all possible accuracy, the news of the whole world best worth the attention of intelligent men and women; and is recognized as the authority on political, business, bank, railroad and financial, literary, educational, scientific, social and religious intelligence.

The Tribune is heartily Republican; and believes that the restoration of the Democratic party to power after twenty-four years exile, would be as disastrous as a revolution. Every important material interest in the country dreads such a change in 1884. The Tribune confidently believes it can be prevented; and to that end asks your aid.

The Tribune is always on the side of morality, good order, reform and progress. It warmly sympathises with every practical effort to restrict the traffic in intoxicating liquors. It always favors the cause of honest labor; and in the interest of the American Workingman supports a Protective Tariff. It has no interest, for or against corporations, to hinder its taking the just and fair course, best for all the people and the whole country. It is the organ of no person or faction, is under no control save that of its Editor and knows no obligation save that to the public.

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Wood's Houshold Practice of Medicine, Hygiene and Surgery; a practical treatise for families, travelers, seamen, miners, and others; written by the leading physicians of New York city and Philadelphia; edited by Dr. Fredrick A. Castle of New York; in two volumes, imperial octavo, 819 and 912 pp; profusely illustrated with engravings; price in muslin, $10; not sold in book-stores and only procured of publisher's authorized agents except through this offer of The Tribune. No other newspaper can or will be able to offer it. Thousands sent out already and not one complaint received. A practical book for every day use which will pay for itself in a few months.

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MARKETS.

Coshocton Prices Current.

Corrected weekly by D. H. Mortley, Grocer, R. R. Corner.

Apples, green, per bushel	100
Apples, dried, per pound	5 to 6
Butter, per pound	20
Bacon, sides, per pound	10
Beans, per bushel	2 40 to 250
Beeswax, per pound	25
Chickens, per pair, spring	50
Corn Meal, per sack	25 to 50
Dried peaches, pared, per lb	10
Eggs per dozen	20
Flour per sack	1 85
Flour by Patent Process	1 85
Hams per pound Country	13
Honey per pound	15
Lard per pound	10
Onions, per bushel	40
Onion Sets, per bush	2 50
Potatoes per bushel new	40
Peaches, dried, per pound	6to7
Shoulders per pound	8to8½
Salt per barrel	1 40
Tallow per pound	6 to 7

Subject to changes during the week.

We Down 'Em All.

There is no use denying the fact, it is self-evident, the hundreds who come to our elegant new room to look at our goods and prices and then go and compare them with others invariably return to us to buy. The universal verdict is, "That WE have the largest and finest stock of CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS in town.

"That WE are the only house in town that sell goods at the Low Prices we advertise."

THAT "WE DOWN 'EM ALL"

IN EVERY RESPECT.

We do not attempt to gull the public into buying from us by offering "SNIDE PRESENTS," where only one in a thousand has a chance, but we sell to EACH one who buys from us at LESS money than any of those who try and gain your patronage by lottery schemes or postal card offerings of 10 per cent. reduction (on goods already marked and sold at twenty per cent. higher prices than we are selling at every day in the week.)

By the way, neighbor, to decide for yourself who is really selling goods the lowest, it is your bounden duty to call and compare prices, when you will see at a glance that we have in fact, "got 'em," both in goods and prices.

Remember the Place.

DAVE & IKE,

PALACE CLOTHING HOUSE,

FORBES BLOCK,

MAIN STREET, COSHOCTON, OHIO.

Coshocton Grain Market.

WHEAT—Per bushel, white, old	$1 00
WHEAT—Per Bushel, red, old	1 00
WHEAT—Per Bushel, new	1 00
CORN—	55
OATS—	35
RYE—	65
FLOUR—Per Barrel, XXX	$6 45
Per Sack, XX	1 55
MEAL—Per Bushel	90
BRAN—Per hundred	80
SHORTS—	1 00
CORN and OATS CHOP—	1 50
PATENT FLOUR—per sack	1 75

Pittsburg Market.

Corrected especially for the Coshocton Age by R. Beatty, Son & Co., 168 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Wholesale Produce Commission House, established 1850, receive and sell all kinds Country Produce, Domestic and Foreign Fruits and Vegetables. Shippers and country dealers having seasonable produce etc., for sale, are invited to consign or correspond.

Country Produce.

APPLES—New, Choice, per bbl, $ 00a3 25 good 2 75a3 00; medium, 2 00a1 75.

APPLE BUTTER—per gal, 50a55c; Apple Jelly, 8a,7c per lb.

BUTTER—Dairy, 21a25c; "Gilt Edge," 23a 25c; Creamery, 30a30c; Choice Roll, 22a20c; Extra Choice Roll, 28a21c; Medium, 12a10c.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sliced, 10a11c; do quarters, 6½a7c, Peaches, halves, 8a7c; rodo, 15a18c; pitted Cherries, 20a22c; Rasberries, 28a30c; Blackberries, 9a10c; per lb for all.

FEATHERS—Live Geese, per lb, 60a65c Mixed, 55a50c.

EGGS—Strictly Fresh, case, 20a28

HONEY.—York State 21 to 20; White Clover 20to22; Buckwheat 18a19.

ONIONS—Onion s 100 a125 per bbl.

POULTRY—Live chickens 40 a50 c per pair for large; small chickens per pair 35a40, live turkeys per lb. 9a10c dressed chickens per lb, 11a18c; dressed turkeys 14a15c dressed duck 12a 13c.

POTATOES—Early rose, per bush. 50a45 cts; Burbank 50 a 45c; other varieties 45c.

RAGS—Cotton, White, per lb, 2½c; Cotton, Mixed, 2a2½c; Woolen, 1-4a½c.

SEEDS—Timothy per bushel, 1 50a1 60 Clover, 650a6 00, for small; 8 50a8 75 for large.

TALLOW—Country 7a7½c; Beeswax 23a25c per lb.

Grain, Flour, Feed, Etc.

WHEAT—Prime Red Winter, 1 05a1 06; Medium, 1-08a110.

CORN—High mixed Shelled, 55a56; Yellow Shelled, 55a54; Ear Corn, 59a60.

OATS—36a35c for white, 30a32c for mixed.

RYE—Choice, 60a62.

BARLEY—89a90 for Prime North-western Spring; 75a80 for Medium.

FLOUR—Fancy Patents, spring and winter, 7 50a7 25; Fancy St. Louis, winter, 7 50a7 25 Fancy Family White Amber and Winter, 6 00 a6 25; Choice Family, choice red winter, 6 00a 5 75; XX Family, medium winter, 5 50a5 75 XXX Bakers, Minnesota, 6 25a6 00; XX Bakers Wisconsin, 6 00a6 25; Cornmeal, 75a80c in paper. Oatmeal—medium brand—7 25a8 00 per bbl; Fancy, 7 75 8 00. Rye Flour, 4 50a4 25; buckwheat flour 3a3.

MILL FEED—White Middlings, 20 00a 2200; Course, do, 15 00a 18 00; Seconds, 1800a18 50;

HAY—Prime Timothy, baled, at 12 00a1250 per ton Prime New Loose, 11 00a14 00; Prarie 8 00a8 50

Live Stock Market

East Liberty Dec. 1.

The run of Cattle has been light because of farmers of West holding their stock to feed soft corn. The Hog market has been sustained by the cool wheather, but Sheep were a drag.

We quote:

CATTLE.—Extra heavy steers, $6a6 40; fair to good, 5a5 50; common, 4a4 50. Receipts, 437 head; shipments, 893 head.

HOGS Philadelphias, 5 10a5 40; Yorkers, 4 40a4 65. Receipts, 2,070 head; shipments 2,990 head.

SHEEP—Extra heavy, 4 25a4 50; fair to good, 3 50a4; common, 2 50a 3. Receipts, 5,000 head; shipments, 1,000 head.

Chicago Grain Market.

WHEAT—98⅞.
CORN—55.
OATS—31.

New York Grain Market.

WHEAT—No 2 red $1.13⅞.
CORN—No 2 68.
OATS—38.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents bottle. July 14, 1 yr.

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—:o:—

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